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THE
DOUBLE-DEALER.

A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. CONGREGUE.



L O N D O N :

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TO THE
HONORABLE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
SHOWN
BY
JAMES OAKLEY
OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX
ESQUIRE
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
THE 14TH OF APRIL 1701
That James Oakley Esquire
Should be called in to answer
to a Resolution passed in the
House of Commons the 14th of
April 1701
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House of Commons the 14th of
April 1701



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE,

One of the

Lords of the Treasury.

S I R,



Heartily with this Play were as perfect as I intended it, that it might be more worthy your Acceptance; and that my Dedication of it to you, might be more becoming that Honour and Esteem which I, with every Body who is so fortunate as to know you, have for you. It had your Countenance when yet unknown; and now it is made publick, it wants your Protection.

I would not have any Body imagine, that I think this Play without its Faults, for I am Conscious of several. I confess I design'd (whatever Vanity or Ambition occasion'd that Design) to have written a true and regular Comedy: but I found it an Undertaking which put me in mind of-----*Sudet multum, frustra que laboret ausus idem.* And now to make Amends for the Vanity of such a Design, I do confess both the Attempt, and the imperfect

Perfor-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Performance. Yet I must take the Boldness to say, I have not miscarry'd in the whole; for the Mechanical part of it is regular. That I may say with as little Vanity, as a Builder may say he has built a House according to the Model laid down before him; or a Gardner that he has set his Flowers in a Knot of such or such a Figure. I design'd the Moral first, and to that Moral I invented the Fable, and do not know that I have borrow'd one Hint of it any where. I made the Plot as strong as I could, because it was single, and I made it single, because I would avoid Confusion, and was resolved to preserve the three Unities of the Drama. Sir, this Discourse is very impertinent to you, whose Judgment much better can discern the Faults, than I can excuse them; and whose Good-nature, like that of a Lover, will find out those hidden Beauties (if there are any such) which it wou'd be great Immodesty for me to discover. I think I don't speak improperly when I call you a *Lover* of Poetry; for it is very well known she has been a very kind Mistress to you; she has not deny'd you the last Favour; and she has been fruitful to you in a most beautiful Issue——If I break off abruptly here, I hope every Body will understand that it is to avoid a Commendation, which, as it is your Due, would be most easy for me to pay, and too troublesome for you to receive.

I have, since the Acting of this Play, harken'd after the Objections which have been made to it; for I was Conscious where a true Critick might have put me upon my Defence, I was prepared for the Attack; and am pretty confident I could have vindicated some Parts, and excused others; and where there were any plain Miscarriages, I wou'd most ingenuously have confess'd 'em. But I have not heard any thing said sufficient to pro-
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

voke an Answer. That which looks most like an Objection, does not relate in particular to this Play, but to all or most that ever have been written; and that is Soliloquy. Therefore I will answer it, not only for my own sake, but to save others the Trouble, to whom it may hereafter be Objected.

I grant, that for a Man to Talk to himself, appears absurd and unnatural; and indeed it is so in most Cases; but the Circumstances which may attend the Occasion, make great Alteration. It oftentimes happens to a Man, to have Designs which require him to himself, and in their Nature cannot admit of a Confident. Such, for certain, is all Villany; and other less mischievous Intentions may be very improper to be Communicated to a second Person. In such a Case therefore the Audience must observe, whether the Person upon the Stage takes any notice of them at all, or no. For if he supposes any one to be by, when he talks to himself, it is monstrous and ridiculous to the last degree. Nay, not only in this Case, but in any Part of a Play, if there is expressed any Knowledge of an Audience, it is insufferable. But otherwise, when a Man in Soliloquy reasons with himself, and *Pra's* and *Con's*, and weighs all his Designs: We ought not to imagine that this Man either talks to us, or to himself; he is only thinking, and thinking such Matter as were inexcusable Folly in him to speak. But because we are conceal'd Spectators of the Plot in Agitation, and the Poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole Mystery of his Contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this Person's Thoughts; and to that end is forc'd to make use of the Expedient of Speech, no other better way being yet invented for the Communication of Thought.

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Another very wrong Objection has been made by some who have not taken Leisure to distinguish the Characters. The Hero of the Play, as they are pleas'd to call him, (meaning *Mellefont*) is a Gull, and made a Fool, and cheated: Is every Man a Gull and a Fool that is deceiv'd? At that rate I'm afraid the two Classes of Men will be reduc'd to one, and the Knaves themselves be at a loss to justify their Title: But if an Open-hearted honest Man, who has an entire Confidence in one whom he takes to be his Friend, and whom he has oblig'd to be so; and who (to confirm him in his Opinion) in all Appearance, and upon several Trials has been so: If this Man be deceiv'd by the Treachery of the other; must he of necessity commence Fool immediately, only because the other has prov'd a Villain? Ay, but there was Caution given to *Mellefont* in the first Act by his Friend *Careless*. Of what Nature was that Caution? Only to give the Audience some Light into the Character of *Maskwell*, before his Appearance; and not to convince *Mellefont* of his Treachery; for that was more than *Careless* was then able to do: He never knew *Maskwell* guilty of any Villany; he was only a sort of Man which he did not like. As for his suspecting his Familiarity with my Lady *Touchwood*: Let 'em examine the Answer that *Mellefont* makes him, and compare it with the Conduct of *Maskwell's* Character through the Play.

I would beg 'em again to look into the Character of *Maskwell* before they accuse *Mellefont* of Weakness for being deceiv'd by him. For upon summing up the Enquiry into this Objection, it may be found they have mistaken Cunning in one Character, for Folly in another.

But

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But there is one thing, at which I am more concerned than all the false Criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the Ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it, for I declare I would rather disoblige all the Criticks in the World, than one of the fair Sex. They are concerned that I have represented some Women Vicious and Affected: How can I help it? It is the Business of a Comick Poet to paint the Vices and Follies of Human-kind; and there are but two Sexes, Male, and Female, *Men*, and *Women*, which have a Title to Humanity: And if I leave one half of them out, the Work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an Opportunity to make my Compliment to those Ladies who are offended: But they can no more expect it in a Comedy, than to be Tickled by a Surgeon, when he's letting 'em Blood. They who are Virtuous or Discreet, should not be offended; for such Characters as these distinguish *them*, and make their Beauties more shining and observ'd: And they who are of the other kind, may nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeas'd, or touch'd with the Satire of this *Comedy*. Thus have they also wrongfully accus'd me of doing them a Prejudice, when I have in reality done them a Service.

You will pardon me, Sir, for the Freedom I take of making Answers to other People, in an Epistle which ought wholly to be sacred to you: But since I intend the Play to be so too, I hope I may take the more Liberty of Justifying it, where it is in the Right.

I must now, Sir, declare to the World, how kind you have been to my Endeavours; for in regard of what was well meant, you have excus'd what was ill perform'd. I beg you would continue the same Method in your Acceptance of this

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Dedication. I know no other way of making a Return to that Humanity you shew'd, in protecting an Infant, but by Enrolling it in your Service, now that it is of Age and come into the World. Therefore be pleas'd to accept of this as an Acknowledgment of the Favour you have shewn me, and an Earnest of the real Service and Gratitude of,

S I R,

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

William Congreve



To my Dear Friend

Mr. CONGREGVE,

On his COMEDY, call'd,

The DOUBLE-DEALER.

WELL then; the promis'd Hour is come at last;
The present Age of Wit obscures the past:
Strong were our Sires; and as they Fought they Writ,
Conqu'ring with Force of Arms, and Dirt of Wit;
Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood;
And thus, when Charles Return'd, our Empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn Soil manur'd,
With Rules of Husbandry, the Rankness cur'd:
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude;
And boist'rous English Wit, with Art indu'd,
Our Age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in Skill, we lost in Strength.
Our Builders were, with Want of Genius, curst;
The Second Temple was not like the First:
'Till You, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our Beauties equal; but exc. l our Strength.
Firm Dorique Pillars found Your solid Base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher Space;
Thus, all below is Strength, and all above is Grace.
In easy Dialogue is Fletcher's Praise:
He mov'd the Mind, but had no Pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by Strength of Judgment please:
Yet doubling Fletcher's Force, he wants his Ease.
In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age;
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage,
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in Judgment, both o'er-match'd in Wit.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

*Of Him all Beauties of this Age we see,
 Etherege his Courtship, Southern's Purity;
 The Satire, Wit, and Strength of Manly Wicherly.
 All this in blooming Youth you have Achiev'd;
 Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;
 So much the Sweetness of your Manners move,
 We cannot Envy you, because we Love.
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
 A Beardless Consul made against the Law,
 And join his Suffrage to the Votes of Rome;
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
 Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's Fame;
 And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.*

*Oh that your Brows my Laurel had sustain'd,
 Well had I been Depos'd, if You had Reign'd!
 The Father had descended for the Son;
 For only You are lineal to the Throne.
 Thus when the State one Edward did depose;
 A Greater Edward in his Room arose.
 But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd;
 For Tom the Second Reigns, like Tom the First.
 But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part;
 Nor call his Charity their own Desert.
 Yet this I Prophecy; Thou shalt be seen,
 (Tho' with some short Parenthesis between:)
 High on the Throne of Wit; and seated there,
 Not mine (that's little) but thy Laurel wear.
 Thy first Attempt an early Promise made,
 That early Promise this has more than paid,
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least Praise, is to be Regular.
 Time, Place and Action, may with Pains be wrought;
 But Genius must be born; and never can be taught,
 This is Your Portion; this Your Native Store;
 Heav'n, that but once was Prodigal before,
 To Shakespear gave as much; she could not give him more.
 Maintain your Post: That's all the Fame you need;
 For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.
 Already I am worn with Cares and Age;
 And just abandoning th' Ungrateful Stage:*

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,
 I live a Rent-charge on his Providence:
 But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better Fortune born,
 Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,
 Against your Judgment, your departed Friend!
 Let not th' insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
 But shade those Laurels which descend to You:
 And take for Tribute what these Lines express:
 You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less.

John Dryden:



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

MOOORS have this Way (as Story tells) to know
Whether their Brats are truly got, or no;
Into the Sea, the New-born Babe is thrown,
There, as Instinct directs, to swim, or drown.
A barbarous Device, to try if Spouse
Has kept religiously her Nuptial Vows.

Such are the Trials, Poets make of Plays:
Only they trust to more inconstant Seas;
So does our Author, this his Child commit
To the tempestuous Mercy of the Pis,
To know if it be truly born of Wit.

Criticks avaint; for you are Fish of Prey,
And feed, like Sharks, upon an Infant Play.
Be ev'ry Monster of the Deep away;
Let's have a fair Trial, and a clear Sea.

Let Nature work, and do not Damn too soon,
For Life will struggle long, ere it sink down:
And will at least rise thrice, before it drown.
Let us consider, had it been our Fate,
Thus hardly to be prov'd Legitimate!
I will not say, we'd all in Danger been,
Were each to suffer for his Mother's Sin:
But by my Troth I cannot avoid thinking,
How nearly some good Men might have 'scap'd sinking.
But, Heaven be prais'd, this Custom is confin'd
Alone to th' Offspring of the Muses kind.

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PROLOGUE.

*Our Christian Cuckolds are more bent to Pity;
I know not one Moor-Husband in the City.
I'th' good Man's Arms the Chopping Bastard thrives;
For he thinks all his own that is his Wives.*

*Whatever Fate is for this Play design'd,
The Poet's sure he shall some Comfort find:
For if his Muse has play'd him false, the worst
That can befall him, is, to be divorc'd;
You Husbands judge, if that, be to be Curs'd.*



DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Maskwell, A Villain; pretended Friend
to *Mellefont*, Galant to *Lady Touch-*
wood, and in Love with *Cynthia*.

Lord Touchwood, Uncle to *Mellefont*.

Mellefont, promised to, and in Love
with *Cynthia*.

Careless, his Friend.

Lord Froth, A Solemn Coxcomb.

Brisk, A pert Coxcomb.

Sir Paul Plyant, An Uxorious, Foolish,
old Knight; Brother to *Lady Touch-*
wood, and Father to *Cynthia*.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Kynaston.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Verbruggen.

Mr. Bowman.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Degget.

W O M E N.

Lady Touchwood, In Love with *Mellefont*.

Cynthia, Daughter to *Sir Paul* by a
former Wife, promised to *Mellefont*.

Lady Froth, A great Coquet; Preten-
der to Poetry, Wit, and Learning.

Lady Plyant, Insolent to her Husband
and easy to any Pretender.

Mrs. Barrey.

Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Mrs. Mountfort.

Mrs. Leigh.

Chaplain, *Boy*, *Footmen*, and *Attendants*.

The SCENE, A Gallery in the *Lord Touch-*
wood's House with Chambers adjoining.

THE



THE
DOUBLE-DEALER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Gallery in the Lord Touchwood's House,
with Chambers adjoining.*

*Enter Careless, Crossing the Stage, with his Hat,
Gloves, and Sword in his Hands; as just risen
from Table: Mellefont following him.*

MELLEFONT.



*N*ED, Ned, whither so fast? What, turn'd
Flincher! Why, you wo't leave us?

Care. Where are the Women? I'm wea-
ry of guzling, and begin to think them the
better Company.

Mel. Then thy Reason staggers, and thou'rt
almost Drunk.

Care. No, Faith, but your Fools grow noisy—and if
a Man must endure the Noise of Words without Sense, I
think the Women have more Musical Voices, and become
Nonsense better.

Mel. Why, they are at the end of the Gallery; retir'd
to their Tea, and Scandal; according to their Ancient
Custom, after Dinner.——But I made a Pretence to
follow you, because I had something to say to you in pri-
vate, and I am not like to have many Opportunities this
Evening.

Care.

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Care. And here's this Coxcomb most critically come to interrupt you.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] *Brisk.*

Brisk. Boys, boys, Lads, where are you? What, do you give ground? Mortgage for a Bottle, ha? *Careless*, this is your Trick; you're always spoiling Company by leaving it.

Care. And thou art always spoiling Company by coming into't.

Brisk. Pooh, ha, ha, ha, I know you envy me. Spite, proud Spite, by the Gods! and burning Envy—I'll be judg'd by *Mellefont* here, who gives and takes Raillery better, you or I. Pshaw, Man, when I say you spoil Company by leaving it, I mean you leave no Body for the Company to laugh at. I think there I was with you, ha? *Mellefont*.

Mell. O' my Word, *Brisk*, that was a home thrust, you have silenc'd him.

Brisk. Oh, my Dear *Mellefont*, let me perish, if thou art not the Soul of Conversation, the very Essence of Wit, and Spirit of Wine,—The Duce take me, if there were three good Things said, or one understood, since thy Amputation from the Body of our Society.—He, I think that's pretty and metaphorical enough: I gad I could not have said it out of thy Company;—*Careless*, ha?

Care. Hum, ay, what is't?

Brisk. O, *Mon Coeur*! What is't! Nay gad I'd punish you for want of Apprehension: The Duce take me if I tell you.

Mel. No, no, hang him, he has no Taste,—But, dear *Brisk*, excuse me, I have a little Business.

Care. Pr'ythee get thee gone; thou see'st we are serious.

Mell. We'll come immediately, if you'll but go in, and keep up good Humour and Sense in the Company: Pr'ythee do; they'll fall asleep else.

Brisk. Gad so they will.—Well I will, I will, gad you shall command me from the Zenith to the Nadir.—But the duce take me if I say a good thing 'till you come.—But pr'ythee dear Rogue, make haste, pr'ythee make haste, shall burst else.—And yonder your Uncle, my Lord

Touchwood

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Touchwood swears he'll disinherite you, and Sir *Paul Plyant* threatens to disclaim you for a Son-in-Law; and my Lord *Brisk* won't dance at your Wedding to Morrow; or the Duke take me, I won't write your Epithalamium— and see what a Condition you're like to be brought to.

Mel. Well, I'll speak but three Words, and follow you.

Brisk. Enough, enough, *Careless*, bring your Apprehension along with you.

S C E N E III.

Mellefont, Careless.

Careless Pert Coxecomb.

Mel. Faith 'tis a good natur'd Coxecomb, and has very entertaining Follies— You must be more human to him; in this Juncture, it will do me Service. I'll tell you, I would have Mirth continued this Day at any rate; tho' Experience purchase Folly, and Attention be paid with Noise! There are Times when Sense may be unseasonable, as well as Truth. Pr'ythee do thou wear none to Day; but allow *Brisk* to have Wit, that thou may'st seem a Fool.

Careless. Why, how now, why this extravagant Proposition?

Mel. O, I would have no room for serious Design for I am jealous of a Plot. I would have Noise and Imperterience keep my Lady *Touchwood's* Head from working; for Hell is not more busy than her Brain, nor contains more Devils, than that Imaginations.

Careless. I thought your Fear of her had been over— Is not to Morrow appointed for your Marriage with *Cynthia*, and her Father Sir *Paul Plyant*, come to settle the Writings this Day, on purpose?

Mel. True; but you shall judge whether I have not Reason to be alarm'd. None besides you, and *Maskwell*, are acquainted with the Secret of my Aunt *Touchwood's* violent Passion for me. Since my first Refusal of her Addresses, she has endeavour'd to do me all ill Offices with my Uncle; yet has managed 'em with that Subtlety, that to him they have born the Face of Kindness; while her Malice, like a dark Lanthorn, only shone upon me, where it was directed. Still it gave me less Perplexity to prevent the Success of her Displeasure, than to avoid the Importunities

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Importunities of her Love; and of two Evils, I thought my self favour'd in her Aversion: But whether urg'd by her Despair, and the short Prospect of Time she saw, to accomplish her Designs; whether the Hopes of Revenge or of her Love, terminated in the View of this my Marriage with *Cynthia*, I know not; but this Morning she surpriz'd me in my Bed.—

Care. Was there ever such a Fury! 'tis well Nature has not put it into her Sex's Power to ravish. — Well, bless us! proceed. What follow'd?

Mel. What at first amaz'd me; for I look'd to have seen her in all the Transports of a slighted and revengeful Woman: But when I expected Thunder from her Voice, and Lightning in her Eyes; I saw her melted into Tears, and hush'd into a Sigh. It was long before either of us spoke. Passion had ty'd her Tongue, and Amazement mine. — In short, the Consequence was thus, she omitted nothing that the most violent Love could urge, or tender Words express; which when she saw had no effect, but still pleaded Honour and Nearness of Blood to my Uncle; then came the Storm I fear'd at first: For starting from my Bed-side like a Fury, she flew to my Sword, and with much ado I prevented her doing me or her self a Mischief. Having disarm'd her, in a Gust of Passion she left me, and in a Resolution, confirm'd by a thousand Curses, not to close her Eyes, 'till they had seen my Ruin.

Care. Exquisite Woman! But what the Devil does she think, thou hast no more Sense, than to get an Heir upon her Body to disinherit thy self; for as I take it this Settlement upon you, is, with a Proviso, that your Uncle have no Children.

Mel. It is so. Well, the Service you are to do me, will be a Pleasure to your self; I must get you to engage my Lady *Plyant* all this Evening, that my pious Aunt may not work her to her Interest. And if you chance to secure her to your self, you may incline her to mine. She's handsome, and knows it; is very silly, and thinks she has Sense, and has an old fond Husband.

Care. I confess a very fair Foundation, for a Lover to build upon.

Mel. For my Lord *Froth*, he and his Wife will be sufficiently

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ciently taken up, with admiring one another, and *Brisk's* Galantry, as they call it. I'll observe my Uncle my self; and *Jack Maskwell* has promised me, to watch my Aunt narrowly, and give me notice upon any Suspicion. As for *Sir Paul*, my wise Father-in-law that is to be, my Dear *Cynthia* has such a share in his Fatherly Fondness, he would scarce make her a Moment uneasy, to have her happy hereafter.

Care. So, you have mann'd your Works: but I wish you may not have the weakest Guard, where the Enemy is strongest.

Mel. Maskwell, you mean; pr'ythee why should you suspect him?

Care. Faith I cannot help it, you know I never lik'd him; I am a little superstitious in Physiognomy.

Mel. He has Obligations of Gratitude, to bind him to me; his Dependence upon my Uncle is through my Means.

Care. Upon your Aunt, you mean.

Mel. My Aunt!

Care. I'm mistaken if there be not a Familiarity between them, you do not suspect: Notwithstanding her Passion for you.

Mel. Pooh, pooh, nothing in the World but his Design to do me Service; and he endeavours to be well in her Esteem, that he may be able to effect it.

Care. Well, I shall be glad to be mistaken; but, your Aunt's Aversion in her Revenge, cannot be any way so effectually shewn, as in bringing forth a Child to disinherit you. She is handsom and cunning, and naturally wanton. *Maskwell* is Flesh and Blood at best, and Opportunities between them are frequent. His Affection to you, you have confessed, is grounded upon his Interest, that you have transplanted; and should it take Root in my Lady, I don't see what you can expect from the Fruit.

Mel. I confess the Consequence is visible, were your suspicions just.—But see, the Company is broke up, let's meet 'em.

SCENE IV.

[To them] Lord Touchwood, Lord Froth, Sir Paul Plyant, and Brisk.

Ld. Touch. Out upon't, Nephew—Leave your Father-in-law

in-law, and me to maintain our Ground against young
People.

Mel. I beg your Lordship's Pardon—We were just re-
turning. ———

Sir Paul. Were you, Son? Gadsbud much better as it is—Good, strange! I swear I'm almost tipsy—t'other Bottle would have been too powerful for me,—as sure as can be it would.—We wanted your Company, but Mr. Brisk—Where is he? I do wear and now, he's a most facetious Person—and the best Company.—And my Lord Froth, your Lordship is so merry a Man, he, he, he.

Ld. Froth. O foy, Sir Paul, what do you mean? Merry
O barbarous! I'd as lieve you call'd me Fool.

Sir Paul. Nay, I protest and vow now, 'tis true; when Mr. Brisk jokes, your Lordship's laugh does so become you, he, he, he.

Ld. Froth. Ridiculous! Sir Paul, you're strangely mistaken, I find Champagne is powerful. I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at no Body's Jest but my own, or a Lady's. I assure you, Sir Paul.

Brisk. How? how, my Lord? what affront my Wife
Let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be
laugh'd at?

Ld. *First.* O foy, don't misapprehend me, I don't say so, for I often smile at your Conceptions. But there's nothing more unbecoming a Man of Quality, than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar Expression of the Passion! every Body can laugh. O Then especially to laugh, at the Jest of an inferior Person, or when any body else of the same Quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous! To be pleas'd with what pleases the Croud! Now when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

Jeffs, I guess that's because you laugh at your own
 jokes, I guess, ha, ha, ha. Beethoven was a very serious man.

me to a Smile. — But let the Comedian

Brisk. Ay, my Lord, it's a sign I hit you in the Teeth.
if you shew 'em.

Ld. Froth. He, he, he, I swear that's so very pretty, can't forbear.

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Care. I find a Quibble bears more sway in your Lordship's Face, than a Jest.

Ld. Tonoh. Sir *Paul*, if you please we'll retire to the Ladies, and drink a Dish of Tea, to settle our Heads.

Sir Paul. Withall my Heart.—*Mr. Brisk*, you'll come to us,—or call me when you joke, I'll be ready to laugh incontinently.

SCENE V.

Mellemont, Careless, Lord Froth, Brisk.

Mel. But does your Lordship never see Comedies?

Ld. Froth. O yes, sometimes,—But I never laugh;

Mel. No?

Ld. Froth. Oh, no,—Never laugh indeed, Sir.

Care. No! why what d'ye go there for?

Ld. Froth. To distinguish my self from the Commonality, and mortify the Poets; the Fellows grow so conceited, when any of their foolish Wit prevails upon the Side-boxes.—I swear,—he, he, he, I have often constrain'd my Inclinations to laugh,—he, he, he, to avoid giving them Encouragement.

Mel. You are cruel to your self, my Lord, as well as malicious to them.

Ld. Froth. I confess I did my self some Violence at first, but now I think I have conquer'd it.

Brisk. Let me perish, my Lord, but there is something very particular in the Humour; 'tis true, it makes against Wit, and I'm sorry for some Friends, of mine that write, but—'gad, I love to be malicious.—Nay, duce take me there's Wit in't too.—And Wit must be foil'd by Wit; cut a Diamond with a Diamond; no other way, 'gad.

Ld. Froth. Oh, I thought you would not be long, before you found out the Wit.

Care. With In what? Where the Devil's the Wit, in not laughing when a Man has a mind to't?

Brisk. O Lord, why can't you find it out?—Why there is in the not laughing—Don't you apprehend me?—

My Lord, *Careless* is a very honest Fellow, but hark'ye,—you understand me, somewhat heavy, a little shallow, or

—Why I'll tell you now, suppose now you come to me—Nay, prythee *Careless* be instructed. Suppose

pose.

pose, as I was saying, you come up to me holding your Sides, and laughing, as if you would—Well—I look grave, and ask the Cause of this immoderate Mirth—You laugh on still, and are not able to tell me—Still I look grave, not so much as smile.—

Care. Smile, no, what the Devil should you smile at, when you suppose I can't tell you!

Brisk. Pshaw, pshaw, pr'ythee don't interrupt me.—But I tell you, you shall tell me—at last—But it shall be a great while first.

Care. Well, but pr'ythee don't let it be a great while because I long to have it over.

Brisk. Well then, you tell me some good Jest, or very witty Thing, laughing all the while as if you were ready to die—and I hear it, and look thus.—Would not you be disappointed?

Care. No; for if it were a witty Thing, I should not expect you to understand it.

Ld. Froth. O foy, Mr. *Careless*, all the World allow Mr. *Brisk* to have Wit; my Wife says, he has a great deal. I hope you think her a Judge.

Brisk. Pooh, my Lord, his Voice goes for nothing.—I can't tell how to make him apprehend.—Take it to other Way. Suppose I say a witty thing to you?

Care. Then I shall be disappointed indeed.

Mel. Let him alone, *Brisk*, he is obstinately bent not to be instructed.

Brisk. I'm sorry for him, the duce take me.

Mel. Shall we go to the Ladies, my Lord?

Ld. Froth. With all my Heart, methinks we are a Solitude without 'em.

Mel. Or, what say you to another Bottle of Champagne?

Ld. Froth. O, for the Universe, not a Drop more I beseech you. Oh Intemperate! I have a flushing in my Face already. *[Takes out a Pocket-Glass, and looks in it.]*

Brisk. Let me see, let me see, my Lord, I broke my Glass that was in the Lid of my Snuff-Box. Hum! Duce take me, I have encourag'd a Pimple here too.

[Takes the Glass and looks in it.]

Ld. Froth. Then you must mortify him with a Patch, my Wife shall supply you. Come, Gentlemen, allons, he is Company coming.

S.C.E.N.E

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SCENE VI.

Lady Touchwood, and Maskwell.

L. Touch. I'll hear no more. — Y'are false and ungrateful; come, I know you false.

Mask. I have been frail, I confess, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service.

L. Touch. That I should trust a Man, whom I had known betray his Friend!

Mask. What Friend have I betray'd? Or to whom?

L. Touch. Your fond Friend *Mellefont*, and to me; can you deny it?

Mask. I do not.

L. Touch. Have you not wrong'd my Lord, who has been a Father to you in your Wants, and given you Being? Have you not wrong'd him in the highest manner, in his Bed?

Mask. With your Ladyship's help, and for your Service, as I told you before. I can't deny that neither. — Any thing more, Madam?

L. Touch. More! Audacious Villain. O, what's more, is most my Shame, — Have you not dishonour'd me?

Mask. No, that I deny; for I never told in all my Life: So that Accusation's answer'd; on to the next.

L. Touch. Death, do you dally with my Passion? Insolent Devil! But have a care, — Provoke me not; for, by the Eternal Fire, you shall not 'scape my Vengeance. — Calm Villain! How unconcern'd he stands, confessing Treachery, and Ingratitude! Is there a Vice more black! — O I have Excuses, thousands for my Faults; Fire in my Temper, Passions in my Soul, apt to ev'ry Provocation; oppress'd at once with Love, and with Despair. But a sedate, a thinking Villain, whose black Blood runs temperately bad, what Excuse can clear!

Mask. Will you be in Temper, Madam? I would not talk not to be heard. I have been [*She walks about disorder'd*] a very great Rogue for your sake, and you reproach me with it; I am ready to be a Rogue still, to do you Service; and you are flinging Conscience and Honour in my Face, to rebate my Inclinations. How am I to behave my self? You know I am your Creature, my Life and Fortune

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Fortune in your Power; to disoblige you, brings me certain Ruin. Allow it, I would betray you, I would not be a Traitor to my self: I don't pretend to Honesty, because you know I am a Rascal: But I would convince you from the Necessity of my being firm to you.

L. Touch. Necessity, Impudence! Can no Gratitude incline you, no Obligations touch you? Have not my Fortune, and my Person been subjected to your Pleasure? Were you not in the Nature of a Servant, and have not I in effect made you Lord of all, of me, and of my Lord? Where is that humble Love, the Languishing, that Adoration, which once was paid me, and everlastingly engaged?

Mask. Fixt, rooted in my Heart, whence nothing can remove 'em, yet you——

L. Touch. Yet, what yet?

Mask. Nay, misconceive me not, Madam, when I say I have had a Gen'rous, and a Faithful Passion, which you had never favour'd, but through Revenge and Policy.

L. Touch. Ha!

Mask. Look you, Madam, we are alone,—Pray contain your self, and hear me. You know you lov'd your Nephew, when I first sigh'd for you; I quickly found it an Argument that I Lov'd; for with that Art you veil'd your Passion, 'twas imperceptible to all but Jealous Eyes. This Discovery made me bold; I confess it; for by it, I thought you in my Power. Your Nephew's Scorn of you, added to my Hopes; I watch'd the Occasion, and took you, just Repuls'd by him, warm at once, with Love and Indignation; your Disposition, my Arguments, and happy Opportunity, accomplish'd my Design; I press'd the yielding Minute, and was blest. How I have lov'd you since, Words have not shewn, then how should Words express?

L. Touch. Well, mollifying Devil! — And have I not met your Love with forward Fire?

Mask. Your Zeal I grant was ardent, but misplac'd; there was Revenge in view; that Woman's Idol had defil'd the Temple of the God, and Love was made a Mock-Worship.——A Son and Heir would have edg'd young Mellefont upon the Brink of Ruin, and left him none but you to catch at for Prevention.

L. Touch.

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L. Touch. Again, provoke me! Do you wind me like a Larum, only to rouse my own still'd Soul for your Diversion? Confusion!

Mask. Nay, Madam, I'm gone, if you relapse,—What needs this? I say nothing but what you your self, in open Hours of Love, have told me. Why should you deny it? Nay, how can you? Is not all this present Heat owing to the same Fire? Do you not love him still? How have I this Day offended you, but in not breaking off his Match with *Cymbia*? Which ere to Morrow shall be done,—had you but Patience.

L. Touch. How, what said you, *Maskwell*,—Another Caprice to unwind my Temper?

Mask. By Heav'n, no; I am your Slave, the Slave of all your Pleasures; and will not rest 'till I have given you Peace, would you suffer me.

L. Touch. O, *Maskwell*, in vain I do disguise me from thee, thou know'st me, knowest the very inmost Windings and Recesses of my Soul.—Oh *Mellefont*! I burn; married to Morrow! Despair strikes me. Yet my Soul knows I hate him too: Let him but once be mine, and next immediate Ruin seize him,

Mask. Compose your self, you shall possess and ruin him too,—Will that please you?

L. Touch. How, how? Thou dear, thou precious Villain, how?

Mask. You have already been tampering with my Lady *Plyant*.

L. Touch. I have! She is ready for any Impression I think fit.

Mask. She must be thoroughly persuaded, that *Mellefont* loves her.

L. Touch. She is so credulous that way naturally, and likes him so well, that she will believe it faster than I can persuade her. But I don't see what you can propose from such a trifling Design; for her first conversing with *Mellefont*, will convince her of the contrary.

Mask. I know it.—I don't depend upon it.—But it will prepare something else; and gain us Leisure to lay a stronger Plot: If I gain a little Time, I shall not want Contrivance.

*One Minute gives Invention to destroy,
What to rebuild, will a whole Age employ.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady Froth and Cynthia.

Cynt. INDEED, Madam! Is it possible your Ladyship could have been so much in Love?

L. Froth. I could not sleep; I did not sleep one Wink for three Weeks together.

Cynt. Prodigious! I wonder, want of Sleep, and so much Love, and so much Wit as your Ladyship has, did not turn your Brain.

L. Froth. O my dear *Cynthia*, you must not rally your Friend, — But really, as you say, I wonder too, — But then I had a Way. — For between you and I, I had Whimfies and Vapours, but I gave them Vent.

Cynt. How pray, Madam?

L. Froth. O I writ, writ abundantly, — Do you never write?

Cynt. Writ'e, what?

L. Froth. Songs, Elegies, Satires, Encomiums, Panegyrics, Lampoons, Plays, or Heroick Poems.

Cynt. O Lord, not I, Madam; I'm content to be a courteous Reader.

L. Froth. O Inconsistent! In Love, and not write! If my Lord and I had been both of your Temper, we had never come together, — O bless me! What a sad thing would that have been, if my Lord and I should never have met!

Cynt. Then neither my Lord nor you would ever have met with your Match, on my Conscience.

L. Froth. O' my Conscience no more we should; thou say'st right — For sure my Lord *Froth* is as fine a Gentleman, and as much a Man of Quality! Ah! Nothing at all of the common Air, — I think I may say he wants nothing, but a blue Ribbon and a Star, to make him shine, the very Phosphorus of our Hemisphere. Do you understand those two hard Words? If you don't, I'll explain 'em to you.

Cynt.

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Cynt. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm not so Ignorant. — At least I won't own it, to be troubled with your Instructions. [*Aside.*]

L. Froth. Nay, I beg your Pardon; but being deriv'd from the *Greek*, I thought you might have escap'd the Etymology. — But I'm the more amaz'd, to find you a Woman of Letters, and not write! Bless me! how can *Mellefont* believe you love him?

Cynt. Why Faith, Madam, he that won't take my Word, shall never have it under my Hand.

L. Froth. I vow *Mellefont's* a pretty Gentleman, but methinks he wants a Manner.

Cynt. A Manner! What's that, Madam?

L. Froth. Some distinguishing Quality, as for Example, the *bell air* or *Brilliant* of Mr. *Brisk*; the Solemnity, yet Complaisance of my Lord, or something of his own that should look a little *Jé-ne-séay quoysh*; he is too much a Mediocrity, in my Mind.

Cynt. He does not indeed affect either Pertness or Formality; for which I like him: Here he comes.

L. Froth. And my Load with him: Pray observe the Difference.

S C E N E II.

[*To them*] *Lord Froth, Mellefont, and Brisk.*

Cynt. Impertinent Creature! I could almost be angry with her now. [*Aside.*]

L. Froth. My Lord, I have been telling *Cynthia*, how much I have been in love with you; I swear I have; I'm not ashamed to own it now; Ah! it makes my Heart leap. I vow, I sigh when I think on't: My dear Lord! Ha, ha, ha, do you remember, my Lord?

[*Squeezes him by the Hand, looks kindly on him, sighs and then laughs out.*]

Ld. Froth. Pleasant Creature! perfectly well, ah! that Look, ay, there it is; who could resist! 'twas so my Heart was made a Captive first, and ever since t'has been in Love with happy Slavery.

L. Froth. O that Tongue, that dear deceitful Tongue! that charming Softness in your Mien and your Expression, and then your Bow! Good my Lord, bow as you did

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when I gave you my Picture, here suppose this my Picture — [*Gives him a Pocket-Glass.*] Pray mind my Lord; ah! he bows charmingly; nay, my Lord, you shan't kiss it so much; I shall grow jealous, I vow now.

[*He bows profoundly low, then kisses the Glass.*]

Ld. Froth. I saw my self there, and kiss'd it for your sake.

L. Froth. Ah! Galantry to the last Degree — Mr. Brisk, you're a Judge; was ever any thing so well bred as my Lord?

Brisk. Never any thing; but your Ladyship, let me perish.

L. Froth. O prettily turn'd again; let me die but you have a great deal of Wit: Mr. Mellefont, don't you think Mr. Brisk has a World of Wit?

Mel. O, yes, Madam.

Brisk. O dear, Madam —

L. Froth. An infinite deal!

Brisk. O Heav'ns, Madam —

L. Froth. More Wit than any Body.

Brisk. I'm everlastingly your humble Servant, duce take me, Madam.

Ld. Froth. Don't you think us a happy Couple?

Cynt. I vow, my Lord, I think you the happiest Couple in the World, for you're not only happy in one another, and when you are together, but happy in your selves, and by your selves.

Ld. Froth. I hope Mellefont will make a good Husband too.

Cynt. 'Tis my Interest to believe he will, my Lord.

Ld. Froth. D'ye think he'll Love you as well as I do my Wife? I'm afraid not.

Cynt. I believe he'll love me better.

Ld. Froth. Heav'ns! that can never be; but why do you think so?

Cynt. Because he has not so much reason to be fond of himself.

Ld. Froth. O your humble Servant for that, dear Madam; well, Mellefont, you'll be a happy Creature.

Mel. Ay, my Lord, I shall have the same Reason for my Happiness that your Lordship has, I shall think my self happy.

Ld

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Ld. Froth. Ah, that's all.

Brisk. [to Lady Froth.] Your Ladyship is in the right ; but I'gad I'm wholly turn'd into Satire. I confess I write but seldom, but when I do — keen *Lambicks* I'gad. But my Lord was telling me, your Ladyship has made an Essay toward an Heroick Poem.

L. Froth. Did my Lord tell you? Yes I vow, 'and the Subject is my Lord's Love to me. And what do you think I call it? I dare swear you won't guess — *The Sil-labub*, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Because my Lord's Title's *Froth*, I'gad; ha, ha; ha, duce take me very *à propos* and surprizing, ha, ha, ha.

L. Froth. He, ay, is not it? — And then I call my Lord *Spumosa*; and my self, what d'ye think I call my self?

Brisk. *Lactilla* may be, — 'gad I cannot tell.

L. Froth. *Biddy*, that's all; just my own Name.

Brisk. *Biddy*! I'gad very pretty — Duce take me if your Ladyship has not the Art of surprizing the most naturally in the World, — I hope you'll make me happy in communicating the Poem.

L. Froth. O, you must be my Confident, I must ask your Advice.

Brisk. I'm your humble Servant, let me perish, — I presume your Ladyship has red *Bossu*?

L. Froth. O yes, and *Rapine*, and *Dacier* upon *Aristotle* and *Horace*. — My Lord, you must not be jealous, I'm communicating all to Mr. Brisk.

Ld. Forth. No, no, I'll allow Mr. Brisk; have you nothing about you to shew him, my Dear?

L. Froth. Yes, I believe I have. — Mr. Brisk, come will you go into the next Room? and there I'll shew you what I have.

Ld. Froth. I'll walk a Turn in the Garden, and come to you.

SCENE III.

Mellefont, Cynthia.

Mel. You're thoughtful, *Cynthia*?

Cyns. I'm thinking, tho' Marriage makes Man and Wife one Flesh, it leaves 'em still two Fools; and they become more conspicuous by setting off one another.

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Mel. That's only when two Fools meet, and their Follies are oppos'd.

Cynt. Nay, I have known two Wits meet, and by the Opposition of their Wit, render themselves as ridiculous as Fools. 'Tis an odd Game we're going to Play at: What think you of drawing Stakes, and giving over in time?

Mel. No, hang't, that's not endeavouring to win, because it's possible we may lose; since we have shuffled and cut, let's e'en turn up Trump now.

Cynt. Then I find it's like Cards, if either of us have a good Hand it is an Accident of Fortune.

Mel. No, Marriage is rather like a Game at Bowls, Fortune indeed makes the Match, and the two nearest, and sometimes the two farthest are together, but the Game depends intirely upon Judgment.

Cynt. Still it is a Game, and consequently one of us must be a Loser.

Mel. Not at all; only a friendly Trial of Skill, and the Winnings to be laid out in an Entertainment. — What's here, the Musick! — Oh, my Lord has promised the Company a new Song, we'll get 'em to give it us by the way. [*Musicians crossing the Stage.*] Pray let us have the Favour of you, to practise the Song, before the Company hear it.

S O N G.

I.

CYNTHIA frowns when-e'er I woe her,
Yet she's vext if I give over;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her Lover:
Thus, in doubting, she refuses;
And not winning, thus she loses.

II.

Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you;
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then too late Desire will find you,
When the Power must forsake you:
Think, O think o'th' sad Condition,
To be past, yet wish Fruition.

Mel.

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Mel. You shall have my Thanks below.

[To the Musick, they go out.]

S C E N E IV.

[To them] *Sir Paul Plyant and Lady Plyant.*

Sir Paul. Gads bud! I am provok'd into a Fermentation, as my Lady *Froth* says; was ever the like read of in Story?

L. P. *Sir Paul*, have Patience; let me alone to rattle him up.

Sir Paul. Pray your Ladyship give me leave to be angry — I'll rattle him up I warrant you, I'll firk him with a *Certiorari*.

L. P. You firk him, I'll firk him my self; pray, *Sir Paul*, hold you contented.

Cynt. Bless me, what makes my Father in such a Passion! — I never saw him thus before.

Sir Paul. Hold your self contented, my Lady *Plyant*, — I find Passion coming upon me by Inflation, and I cannot submit as formerly, therefore give way.

L. P. How now! will you be pleased to retire, and —

Sir Paul. No marry will I not be pleased; I am pleased to be angry, that's my Pleasure at this time.

Mel. What can this mean!

L. P. Gads my Life, the Man's distracted, why how now, who are you? What am I? Slidikins can't I govern you? What did I marry you for? Am I not to be absolute and uncontrolable? Is it fit a Woman of my Spirit, and Conduct, should be contradicted in a Matter of this Concern?

Sir Paul. It concerns me, and only me; — Besides, I'm not to be govern'd at all times. When I am in Tranquillity, my Lady *Plyant* shall command *Sir Paul*; but when I am provok'd to Fury, I cannot incorporate with Patience and Reason, — as soon may Tigers match with Tigers, Lambs with Lambs, and every Creature couple with its Foe, as the Poet says. —

L. P. He's hot-headed still! 'Tis in vain to talk to you; but remember I have a Curtain-Lecture for you, you disobedient, headstrong Brute.

B 5

Sir

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Sir Paul. No, 'tis because I won't be Headstrong, because I won't be a Brute, and have my Head fortify'd, that I am thus exasperated, — But I will protect my Honour, and yonder is the Violator of my Fame.

L. P. 'Tis my Honour that is concern'd, and the Violation was intended to me. Your Honour! You have none but what is in my keeping, and I can dispose of it when I please — therefore don't provoke me.

Sir Paul. Hum, gads-bud she says true — Well, my Lady, march on, I will fight under you then: I am convinced, as far as Passion will permit.

[*L. Plyant and Sir Paul come up to Mellefont.*]

L. P. Inhuman and treacherous —

Sir Paul. Thou Serpent and first Tempter of Woman-kind. —

Cynt. Bless me! Sir; Madam; what mean you?

Sir Paul. *Thy, Thy,* come away *Thy,* touch him not, come hither, Girl, go not near him, there's nothing but Deceit about him; Snakes are in his Peruke, and the Crocodile of *Nilus* is in his Belly, he will eat thee up alive.

L. P. Dishonourable, impudent Creature!

Mel. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, to whom do you direct this Language!

L. P. Have I behav'd my self with all the Decorum and Nicety, befitting the Person of *Sir Paul's* Wife? Have I preserv'd my Honour as it were in a Snow-House for these three Years past? Have I been white and unsully'd even by *Sir Paul* himself?

Sir Paul. Nay, she has been an invincible Wife, even to me, that's the truth on't.

L. P. Have I, I say, preserv'd my self, like a fair Sheet of Paper, for you to make a Blot upon? —

Sir Paul. And she shall make a Simile with any Woman in *England*.

Mel. I am so amaz'd, I know not what to say.

Sir Paul. Do you think my Daughter, this pretty Creature; gads-bud she's a Wife for a Cherubin! Do you think her fit for nothing but to be a stalking Horse, to stand before you, while you take aim at my Wife; Gads-bud I was never angry before in my Life, and I'll never be appeas'd again.

Mel.

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Mel. Hell and Damnation! This is my Aunt; such Malice can be engendred no where else. [*Aside.*]

L. P. Sir *Paul*, take *Cynthia* from his Sight; leave me to strike him with the Remorse of his intended Crime.

Cynt. Pray, Sir, stay, hear him, I dare affirm he's Innocent.

Sir Paul. Innocent! Why hark'ee, come hither *Thy*, hark'ee, I had it from his Aunt, my Sister *Touchwood*, — gads-bud he does not care a Farthing for any thing of thee, but thy Portion, why he's in love with my Wife; he would have tantaliz'd thee, and made a Cuckold of thy poor Father, — and that would certainly have broke my Heart — I'm sure if ever I should have Horns, they would kill me; they would never come kindly, I should die of 'em, like a Child, that was cutting his Teeth — I should indeed, *Thy* — therefore come away; but Providence has prevented all, therefore come away, when I bid you.

Cynt. I must obey.

S C E N E V.

Lady Plyant, Mellefont.

L. P. O, Such a thing! the Impiety of it startles me — to wrong so good, so fair a Creature, and one that loves you tenderly — 'tis a Barbarity of Barbarities, and nothing could be guilty of it —

Mel. But the greatest Villain Imagination can form, I grant it; and next to the Villany of such a Fact, is the Villany of aspersing me with the Guilt. How? — which way was I to wrong her? For yet I understand you not.

L. P. Why, gads my Life, Cousin *Mellefont*, you cannot be so peremptory as to deny it; when I tax you with it to your Face; for now Sir *Paul's* gone, you are *Corum Nobis*.

Mel. By Heav'n, I love her more than Life, or —

L. P. Fiddle, faddle, don't tell me of this and that, and ev'ry Thing in the World, but give me Mathematicular Demonstration, answer me directly — But I have not Patience — Oh! The Impiety of it, as I was saying, and the unparallell'd Wickedness! O merciful Father! How could

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could you think to reverse Nature so, to make the Daughter the Means of procuring the Mother?

Mel. The Daughter to procure the Mother!

L. P. Ay, for tho' I am not *Cynthia's* own Mother, I am her Father's Wife; and that's near enough to make it Incest.

Mel. Incest! O my precious Aunt, and the Devil in Conjunction. [*Aside.*]

L. P. O reflect upon the Horror of that, and then the Guilt of deceiving every Body; marrying the Daughter, only to make a Cuckold of the Father; and then seducing me, debauching my Purity, and perverting me from the Road of Vertue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one Trip, not one *faux pas*; O consider it, what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to Frailty? Alas! Humanity is feeble, Heav'n knows! very feeble, and unable to support it self.

Mel. Where am I? Is it Day? and am I awake? Madam ———

L. P. And no Body knows how Circumstances may happen together, — To my thinking, now I could resist the strongest Temptation, — But yet I know, 'tis impossible for me to know whether I could or not, there's no Certainty in the Things of this Life.

Mel. Madam, pray give me leave to ask you one Question. ———

L. P. O Lord, ask me the Question, I'll swear I'll refuse it; I swear I'll deny it — therefore don't ask me, nay you shan't ask me, I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the Blood into my Face; I warrant I am as red as a Turkey-Cock; O fy, Cousin *Mellefont*!

Mel. Nay, Madam, hear me; I mean ———

L. P. Hear you, no, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how ones Mind may change upon hearing. — Hearing is one of the Senses, and all the Senses are fallible; I won't trust my Honour, I assure you; my Honour is infallible and uncomatible.

Mel. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, ———

L. P. O name it no more — Bless me, how can you talk of Heav'n! and have so much Wickedness in your Heart?

Heart? May be you don't think it a Sin, — They say some of you Gentlemen don't think it a Sin, — May be it is no Sin to them that don't think it so; Indeed, if I did not think it a Sin — But still my Honour, if it were no Sin, — But then, to marry my Daughter, for the Conveniency of frequent Opportunities, — I'll never consent to that, as sure as can be, I'll break the Match.

Mel. Death and Amazement, — Madam, upon my Knees —

L. P. Nay, nay, rise up, come you shall see my Good-nature. I know Love is powerful, and no Body can help his Passion: 'Tis not your Fault; nor I swear it is not mine, — How can I help it, if I have Charms? And how can you help it, if you are made a Captive? I swear it is pity it should be a Fault, — But my Honour, — well, but your Honour too — but the Sin! — well but the Necessity — O Lord, here's some Body coming, I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your Crime; and strive as much as can be against it, — strive be sure — But don't be melancholick, don't despair, — But never think that I'll grant you any thing; O Lord, no; — But be sure you lay aside all Thoughts of the Marriage, for tho' I know you don't love *Cynthia*, only as a blind for your Passion to me; yet it will make me jealous, — O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! no, no, I can't be jealous, for I must not love you, — therefore don't hope, — But don't despair neither, — O, they're coming, I must fly.

SCENE VI.

Mellefont alone.

Mel. [*after a Pause.*] So then, — spite of my Care and Foresight, I am caught, caught in my Security, — Yet this was but a shallow Artifice, unworthy of my *Mitchevilian* Aunt: There must be more behind, this is but the first Flash, the priming of her Engine; Destruction follows hard, if not most presently prevented.

SCENE VII.

[*To him*] *Maskwell.*

Mel. Maskwell, welcome, thy Presence is a view of Land, appearing to my shipwreck'd Hopes: The Witch has

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has rais'd the Storm, and her Ministers have done their Work; you see the Vessels are parted.

Mask. I know it; I met Sir Paul towing away *Cynthia*: Come, trouble not your Head, I'll join you together ere to Morrow Morning, or drown between you in the Attempt.

Mel. There's Comfort in a Hand stretch'd out, to one that's sinking; tho' ne'er so far off.

Mask. No sinking, nor no Danger, — Come, cheer up; why you don't know, that while I plead for you, your Aunt has given me a retaining Fee; — Nay, I am your greatest Enemy, and she does but Journey-Work under me.

Mel. Ha! How's this?

Mask. What d'ye think of my being employ'd in the Execution of all her Plots? Ha, ha, ha, by Heav'n it's true; I have undertaken to break the Match, I have undertaken to make your Uncle disinheret you, to get you turn'd out of Doors; and to — Ha, ha, ha, I can't tell you for Laughing, — Oh she has open'd her Heart to me, — I am to turn you a grazing, and to — Ha, ha, ha, marry *Cynthia* my self; there's a Plot for you.

Mel. Ha! O see, I see my rising Sun! Light breaks thro' Clouds upon me, and I shall live in Day — O my *Maskwell*! How shall I thank or praise thee; Thou hast outwitted Woman. — But tell me, how could'st thou thus get into her Confidence? — Ha! How? But was it her Contrivance to persuade my Lady *Plyant* to this extravagant Belief?

Mask. It was, and to tell you the Truth I encourag'd it for your Diversion: Tho' it made you a little uneasy for the present, yet the Reflexion of it must needs be entertaining, — I warrant she was very violent at first.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, ay, a very Fury; but I was most afraid of her Violence at last, — If you had not come as you did, I don't know what she might have attempted.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha, I know her Temper. — Well, you must know then, that all my Contrivances were but Bubbles; 'till at last I pretended to have been long secretly in love with *Cynthia*; that did my Business; that convinc'd your Aunt, I might be trusted; since it was as much my Interest

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Interest as hers to break the Match: Then, she thought my Jealousy might qualify me to assist her in her Revenge. And, in short, in that Belief, told me the Secrets of her Heart. At length we made this Agreement, if I accomplish her Designs (as I told you before) she has engag'd to put *Cynthia* with all her Fortune into my Power.

Mel. She is most gracious in her Favour, — Well, and dear *Jack*, how hast thou contrived?

Mask. I would not have you stay to hear it now; for I don't know, but she may come this Way; I am to meet her anon; after that, I'll tell you the whole Matter; be here in this Gallery an Hour hence, by that time I imagine our Consultation may be over.

Mel. I will; 'till then Success attend thee.

S C E N E VIII.

Maskwell alone.

'Till then, Success will attend me; for when I meet you, I meet the only Obstacle to my Fortune. *Cynthia* let thy Beauty gild my Crimes; and whatsoever I commit of Treachery or Deceit, shall be imputed to me as a Merit — Treachery, what Treachery? Love cancels all the Bonds of Friendship, and sets Men right upon their first Foundations.

Duty to Kings, Piety to Parents, Gratitude to Benefactors, and Fidelity to Friends, are different and particular Ties: But the Name of Rival cuts 'em all asunder, and is a general Acquittance — Rival is equal, and Love like Death an universal Leveller of Mankind. Ha! But is there not such a Thing as Honesty? Yes, and whosoever has it about him, bears an Enemy in his Breast: For your honest Man, as I take it, is that nice, scrupulous, conscientious Person, who will cheat no Body but himself; such another Coxcomb, as your wise Man, who is too hard for all the World, and will be made a Fool of by no Body, but himself. Ha, ha, ha: Well for Wisdom and Honesty, give me Cunning and Hypocrisy; oh, 'tis such a Pleasure, to angle for fair-fac'd Fools! Then that hungry Gudgeon Credulity will bite at any thing — Why, let me see, I have the same Face, the same Words and Accents, when I speak what I do think; and when I speak what I do not think —

the

the very same—and dear Dissimulation is the only Art; not to be known from Nature.

Why will Mankind be Fools, and be deceiv'd?

And why are Friends and Lovers Oaths believ'd?

When, each, who searches strictly his own Mind,

May so much Fraud and Power of Baseness find.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lord Touchwood, and Lady Touchwood.

L. T. **M**Y Lord, can you blame my Brother *Plyant*, if he refuse his Daughter upon this Provocation? The Contract's void by this unheard of Impiety.

Ld. T. I don't believe it true; he has better Principles—Pho, 'tis Nonsense. Come, come, I know my Lady *Plyant* has a large Eye, and won'd centre every Thing in her own Circle; 'tis not the first time she has mistaken Respect for Love, and made Sir *Paul* jealous of the Civility of an undesigning Person, the better to bespeak his Security in her unfeigned Pleasures.

L. T. You censure hardly; my Lord; my Sister's Honour is very well known.

Ld. T. Yes, I believe I know some that have been familiarly acquainted with it. This is a little Trick wrought by some pitiful Contriver, envious of my Nephew's Merit.

L. T. Nay, my Lord, it may be so, and I hope it will be found so: But that will require some time; for in such a Case as this, Demonstration is necessary.

Ld. T. There should have been Demonstration of the contrary too, before it had been believ'd—

L. T. So I suppose there was.

Ld. T. How? Where? When?

L. T. That I can't tell; nay I don't say there was—I am willing to believe as favourably of my Nephew as I can.

Ld. T. I don't know that. [Half Aside.]

L. T. How? Don't you believe that, say you, my Lord?

Ld. T. No, I don't say so—I confess I am troubled to find you so cold in his Defence.

L. T.

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L. T. His Defence! Bless me, wou'd you have me defend an ill Thing.

Ld. T. You believe it then?

L. T. I don't know; I am very unwilling to speak my Thoughts in any thing that may be to my Cousin's Disadvantage; besides, I find, my Lord, you are prepared to receive an ill Impression from any Opinion of mine which is not consenting with your own: But since I am like to be suspected in the End; and 'tis a Pain any longer to dissemble, I own it to you; in short I do believe it, nay, and can believe any thing worse, if it werelaid to his Charge—Don't ask me my Reasons, my Lord, for they are not fit to be told you.

Ld. T. I'm amaz'd, here must be something more than ordinary in this, [*Aside.*] Not fit to be told me, Madam? You can have no Interests, wherein I am not concern'd, and consequently the same Reasons ought to be convincing to me, which create your Satisfaction or Disquiet.

L. T. But those which cause my Disquiet, I am willing to have remote from your hearing. Good my Lord, don't press me.

Ld. T. Don't oblige me to press you.

L. T. Whatever it was, 'tis past: And that is better to be unknown which cannot be prevented; therefore let me beg you to rest satisfy'd—

Ld. T. When you have told me, I will—

L. T. You won't.

Ld. T. By my Life, my Dear, I will.

L. T. What if you can't.

Ld. T. How? Then I must know, nay I will: No more trifling—I charge you tell me—By all our mutual Peace—come; upon your Duty—

L. T. Nay, my Lord, you need say no more, to make me lay my Heart before you, but don't be thus transported; compose your self: It is not of Concern, to make you lose one Minute's Temper. 'Tis not indeed, my Dear, nay, by this Kiss you shan't be angry. O Lord, I wish I had not told you any thing.—Indeed, my Lord, you have frighted me. Nay, look pleas'd, I'll tell you.

Ld. T. Well, well.

L. T. Nay, but will you be calm—indeed it's nothing—

Ld. T.

L. T.

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Ld. T. But what?

L. T. But will you promise me not to be angry—Nay you must—Not to be angry with *Mellefont*—I dare swear he's sorry—and were it to do again, would not——

Ld. T. Sorry, for what? 'Death, you rack me with Delay.

L. T. Nay, no great Matter, only—Well I have your Promise,—Pho, why nothing, only your Nephew had a mind to amuse himself, sometimes with a little Galantry towards me. Nay, I can't think he meant any thing seriously, but methought it look'd oddly.

Ld. T. Confusion and Hell, what do I hear!

L. T. Or, may be, he thought he was not enough akin to me, upon your Account, and had a mind to create a nearer Relation on his own; a Lover you know, my Lord—Ha, ha, ha. Well but that's all—Now you have it; well remember your Promise, my Lord, and don't take any Notice of it to him.

Ld. T. No, no, no—Damnation!

L. T. Nay, I swear you must not——A little harmless Mirth—Only misplac'd, that's all—But if it were more, 'tis over now, and all's well. For my part, I have forgot it; and so has he, I hope—for I have not heard any thing from him these two Days.

Ld. T. These two Days! Is it so fresh? Unnatural Villain! Death, I'll have him stripp'd and turn'd naked out of my Doors, this Moment, and let him rot and perish incestuous Brute!

L. T. O for Heav'n's sake, my Lord, you'll ruin me if you take such publick Notice of it, it will be a Town-talk: Consider your own and my Honour—nay, I told you you would not be satisfied when you knew it.

Ld. T. Before I've done, I will be satisfy'd. Ungrateful Monster, how long? —

L. T. Lord, I don't know: I wish my Lips had grown together when I told you —Almost a Twelvemonth—Nay, I won't tell you any more, 'till you are your self. Pray, my Lord, don't let the Company see you in this Disorder—Yet, I confess, I can't blame you; for I think I was never so surpriz'd in my Life——Who would have thought my Nephew could have so misconstrued my

Kindness—

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Kindness—But will you go into your Closet, and recover your Temper. I'll make an Excuse of sudden Business to the Company, and come to you. Pray, good dear my Lord, let me beg you do now: I'll come immediately, and tell you all; will you, my Lord?

Ld. T. I will—I am mute with Wonder.

L. T. Well, but go now, here's some body coming.

Ld. T. Well, I go—You won't stay, for I would hear more of this.

L. T. I follow instantly—So.

SCENE II.

Lady Touchwood, Maskwell.

Mask. This was a Master-Piece, and did not need my Help—tho' I stood ready for a Cue to come in and confirm all, had there been Occasion.

L. T. Have you seen *Mellefont*?

Mask. I have; and am to meet him here about this time.

L. T. How does he bear his Disappointment?

Mask. Secure in my Assistance, he seem'd not much afflicted, but rather laugh'd at the shallow Artifice, which so little time must of Necessity discover. Yet he is apprehensive of some farther Design of yours, and has engag'd me to watch you. I believe he will hardly be able to prevent your Plot, yet I would have you use Caution and Expedition.

L. T. Expedition indeed; for all we do, must be perform'd in the remaining Part of this Ev'ning, and before the Company break up; lest my Lord should cool, and have an Opportunity to talk with him privately—My Lord must not see him again.

Mask. By no Means; therefore you must aggravate my Lord's Displeasure to a Degree that will admit of no Conference with him.—What think you of mentioning me?

L. T. How?

Mask. To my Lord, as having been privy to *Mellefont*'s Design upon you, but still using my utmost Endeavours to dissuade him: Tho' my Friendship and Love to him has made me conceal it; yet you may say, I threatned the next time he attempted any thing of that kind, to discover it to my Lord.

L. T.

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L. T. To what end is this?

Mask. It will confirm my Lord's Opinion of my Honour and Honesty, and create in him a new Confidence in me, which (should this Design miscarry) will be necessary to the forming another Plot that I have in my Head—To cheat you, as well as the rest. [*Aside.*]

L. T. I'll do it—I'll tell him you hindred him once from forcing me.

Mask. Excellent! Your Ladyship has a most improving Fancy. You had best go to my Lord, keep him as long as you can in his Closet, and I doubt not but you will mould him to what you please; your Guests are so engaged in their own Follies and Intrigues, they'll miss neither of you.

L. T. When shall we meet?—At eight this Evening in my Chamber; there rejoice at our Success, and toy away an Hour in Mirth.

Mask. I will not fail.

S C E N E III.

Maskwell alone.

Mask. I know what she means by toying away an Hour well enough. Pox I have lost all Appetite to her; yet she's a fine Woman, and I lov'd her once. But I don't know, since I have been in a great measure kept by her, the Case is alter'd; what was my Pleasure is become my Duty: And I have as little Stomach to her now as if I were her Husband. Should she smoke my Design upon Cynthia, I were in a fine pickle. She has a damn'd penetrating Head, and knows how to interpret a Coldness the right Way; therefore I must dissemble Ardour and Ecstasy, that's resolv'd: How easily and pleasantly is that dissembled before Fruition! Pox on't that a Man can't drink without quenching his Thirst. Ha! yonder comes *Mellefont* thoughtful. Let me think: Meet her at eight—hum—ha! By Heav'n I have it—If I can speak to my Lord before—Was it my Brain or Providence? No matter which—I will deceive 'em all, and yet secure my self, 'twas a lucky Thought! Well, this Double-Dealing is a Jewel. Here he comes, now for me.

[*Maskwell pretending not to see him, walks by him, and speaks as it were to himself.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[*To him*] *Mellefont musing.*

Mask. Mercy on us, what will the Wickedness of this World come to?

Mel. How now, *Jack*? What, so full of Contemplation that you run over!

Mask. I'm glad you're come, for I could not contain my self any longer: And was just going to give vent to a Secret, which no Body but you ought to drink down.—Your Aunt's just gone from hence.

Mel. And having trusted thee with the Secrets of her Soul, thou art villanously bent to discover 'em all to me, ha?

Mask. I'm afraid my Frailty leans that way——But I don't know whether I can in Honour discover 'em all.

Mel. All, all Man, what you may in Honour betray her as far as she betrays her self. No tragical Design upon my Person, I hope.

Mask. No, but it's a comical Design upon mine.

Mel. What dost thou mean?

Mask. Listen and be dumb, we have been bargaining about the Rate of your Ruin——

Mel. Like any two Guardians to an Orphan Heiress—Well.

Mask. And whereas Pleasure is generally paid with Mischief, what Mischief I do is to be paid with Pleasure.

Mel. So when you've swallow'd the Potion, you sweeten your Mouth with a Plumb.

Mask. You are merry, Sir, but I shall probe your Constitution. In short, the Price of your Banishment is to be paid with the Person of——

Mel. Of *Cynthia*, and her Fortune——Why you forget you told me this before.

Mask. No, no——So far you are right; and I am, as an earnest of that Bargain, to have full and free Possession of the Person of——your Aunt.

Mel. Ha!——Pho, you trifle.

Mask. By this Light, I'm serious; all Raillery part—I knew 'twould stun you: This Evening at eight she will receive me in her Bed-Chamber.

Mel,

Mel. Hell and the Devil, is she abandon'd of all Grace
—Why the Woman is possess'd—

Mask. Well, will you go in my stead?

Mel. By Heav'n into a hot Furnace sooner.

Mask. No, you would not—It would not be so convenient, as I can order Matters.

Mel. What d'ye mean!

Mask. Mean? Not to disappoint the Lady I assure you
—Ha, ha, ha, how gravely he looks—Come, come, I won't perplex you. 'Tis the only Thing that Providence could have contriv'd to make me capable of serving you, either to my Inclination or your own Necessity.

Mel. How, how, for Heav'n's sake, dear *Maskwell*?

Mask. Why thus—I'll go according to Appointment; you shall have Notice at the critical Minute to come and surprize your Aunt and me together: Counterfeit a Rage against me, and I'll make my Escape through the private Passage from her Chamber, which I'll take care to leave open: 'Twill be hard, if then you can't bring her to any Conditions. For this Discovery will disarm her of all Defence, and leave her entirely at your Mercy: Nay, she must ever after be in awe of you.

Mel. Let me adore thee, my better *Genius*! By Heav'n I think it is not in the Power of Fate to disappoint my Hopes—My Hopes, my Certainty!

Mask. Well, I'll meet you here, within a Quarter of eight, and give you Notice.

Mel. Good Fortune ever go along with thee.

SCENE V.

Mellefont, Careless.

Care. *Mellefont*, get out o'th' Way, my Lady *Phyllis*'s coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in sight—Tho' she begins to rack about; but I made Love a great while to no purpose.

Mel. Why, what's the Matter? She's convinc'd that I don't care for her.

Care. I can't get an Answer from her, that does not begin with her Honour, or her Virtue, her Religion, or some such Cant. Then she has told me the whole History of Sir *PAUL*'s nine Years

Cour Ship

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Courtship; how he has lain for whole Nights together upon the Stairs, before her Chamber-Door; and that the first Favour he received from her, was a Piece of an old Scarlet Petticoat for a Stomacher; which since the Day of his Marriage, he has, out of a Piece of Galantry, converted into a Night-Cap, and wears it still with much Solemnity on his Anniversary Wedding-Night.

Mel. That I have seen, with the Ceremony thereunto belonging—For on that Night he creeps in at the Bed's Feet like a gull'd Bassa that has marry'd a Relation of the *Grand Signior*, and that Night he has his Arms at Liberty: Did not she tell you at what a Distance she keeps him? He has confess'd to me that but at some certain times, that is I suppose when she apprehends being with Child, he never has the Privilege of using the Familiarity of a Husband with a Wife. He was once given to scrambling with his Hands, and sprawling in his Sleep; and ever since she has him swaddled up in Blankets, and his Hands and Feet swath'd down, and so put to Bed; and there he lies with a great Beard, like a *Russian* Bear upon a drift of Snow. You are very great with him, I wonder he never told you his Grievances, he will I warrant you.

Care. Excessively foolish!—But that which gives me most Hopes of her, is her telling me of the many Temptations she has resisted.

Mel. Nay, then you have her; for a Woman's bragging to a Man that she has overcome Temptations, is an Argument that they were weakly offer'd, and a Challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only an enhancing the Price of the Commodity, by telling you how many Customers have underbid her.

Care. Nay, I don't despair—But still she has a grudging to you—I talk'd to her t'other Night at my Lord *Arb's* Masquerade, when I'm satisfy'd she knew me, and I had no Reason to complain of my Reception; but I find Women are not the same bare-faced and in Masks,—and a Vizor disguises their Inclinations as much as their Faces.

Mel. 'Tis a Mistake, for Women may most properly be said to be unmask'd when they wear Vizors; for that secures

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secures them from Blushing, and being out of Countenance, and next to being in the Dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a Vizor Mask. Here they come, I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a *Billet-doux* into her Hand: For a Woman never thinks a Man truly in Love with her, 'till he has been Fool enough to think of her out of her Sight, and to lose so much time as to write to her.

SCENE VI.

Careless, Sir Paul and Lady Plyant.

Sir Paul. Shan't we disturb your Meditation, Mr. *Careless*: You would be private?

Care. You bring that along with you, *Sir Paul*, that shall be always welcome to my Privacy.

Sir Paul. O, sweet Sir, you load your humble Servant both me and my Wife, with continual Favours.

L. P. *Sir Paul*, what a Phrase was there? You will be making Answers, and taking that upon you, which ought to lie upon me: That you should have so little Breeding to think Mr. *Careless* did not apply himself to me. Pray what have you to entertain any Bodies Privacy? I swear and declare in the Face of the World I'm ready to blush for your Ignorance.

Sir Paul. I acquiesce, my Lady; but don't snub so loud

[*Aside to her*

L. P. Mr. *Careless*, if a Person that is wholly illiterate might be supposed to be capable of being qualify'd to make a suitable Return to those Obligations which you are pleas'd to confer upon one that is wholly incapable of being qualify'd in all those Circumstances, I'm sure I should rather attempt it than any thing in the World [*Courtesies.*] for I'm sure there's nothing in the World that I would rather. [*Courtesies.*] But I know Mr. *Careless* is so great a Critick and so fine a Gentleman, that it is impossible for me.

Care. O Heav'ns! Madam, you confound me.

Sir Paul. Gads-bud, she's a fine Person

L. P. O Lord! Sir, pardon me, we Women have no those Advantages: I know my own Imperfections—But at the same time you must give me leave to declare in the

Face

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Face of the World that no Body is more sensible of Favours and Things; for with the Reserve of my Honour, I assure you, Mr. *Careless*, I don't know any thing in the World I would refuse to a Person so meritorious— You'll pardon my Want of Expression.——

Care. O your Ladyship is abounding in all Excellence, particularly that of Phrase.

L. P. You are so obliging, Sir.

Care. Your Ladyship is so charming.

Sir *Paul.* So, now, now; now, my Lady.

L. P. So well bred.

Care. So surprizing.

L. P. So well dress'd, so *bonne mine*, so eloquent, so unaffected, so easy, so free, so particular, so agreeable——

Sir *Paul.* Ay, so, so, there.

Care. O Lord, I beseech you, Madam, don't——

L. P. So gay, so graceful, so good Teeth, so fine Shape, so fine Limbs, so fine Linen, and I don't doubt but you have a very good Skin, Sir.

Care. For Heav'n's sake, Madam—I'm quite out of Countenance.

Sir *Paul.* And my Lady's quite out of Breath; or else you should hear—Gad's-bud, you may talk of my Lady *Truth*.

Care. O fy, fy, not to be named of a Day—My Lady *Truth* is very well in her Accomplishments—But it is when my Lady *Plyant* is not thought of——If that can ever be.

L. P. O you overcome me—That is so excessive.

Sir *Paul.* Nay, I swear and vow that was pretty.

Care. O Sir *Paul*, you are the happiest Man alive, Such Lady! that is the Envy of her own Sex, and the Admiration of ours.

Sir *Paul.* Your humble Servant, I am I thank Heav'n in a fine way of living, as I may say, peacefully and happily, and I think need not envy any of my Neighbours, 'twould be Providence——Ay, truly, Mr. *Careless*, my Lady is a great Blessing, a fine, discreet, well-spoken Woman you shall see——If it becomes me to say so; and we live

C

very

very comfortably together; she is a little hasty sometimes, and so am I; but mine's soon over, and then I'm so sorry—O, Mr. *Careless*, if it were not for one thing——

SCENE VII.

Careless, Sir Paul, Lady Plyant, Boy with a Letter.

L. P. How often have you been told of that, you Jack-anapes?

Sir Paul. Gad so, gad's-bud——*Tim.* carry it to my Lady, you should have carry'd it to my Lady first.

Boy. 'Tis directed to your Worship.

Sir Paul. Well, well, my Lady reads all Letters first—Child, do so no more; d'ye hear, *Tim.*

Boy. No, and please you.

SCENE VIII.

Careless, Sir Paul, Lady Plyant.

Sir Paul. A Humour of my Wife's, you know Women have little Fancies—But as I was telling you, Mr. *Careless*, if it were not for one thing, I should think my self the happiest Man in the World; indeed that touches me near, very near.

Care. What can that be, Sir Paul?

Sir Paul. Why, I have, I thank Heav'n, a very plentiful Fortune, a good Estate in the Country, some House in Town, and some Mony, a pretty tolerable personal Estate; and it is a great Grief to me, indeed it is, Mr. *Careless*, that I have not a Son to inherit this—'Tis true, I have a Daughter, and a fine dutiful Child she is, though I say it, blessed be Providence I may say; for indeed, Mr. *Careless*, I am mightily beholden to Providence—A poor unworthy Sinner——But if I had a Son, ah, that's my Affliction, and my only Affliction; indeed I cannot refrain Tears when it comes in my Mind.

Care. Why, methinks that might be easily remedied—my Lady's a fine likely Woman——

Sir Paul. Oh, a fine likely Woman as you shall see in Summer's Day——Indeed she is, Mr. *Careless*, in all respects.

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Care. And I should not have taken you to have been so old —

Sir Paul. Alas, that's not it, *Mr. Careless*; ah! that's not it; no, no, you shoot wide of the Mark a Mile; indeed you do, that's not it, *Mr. Careless*; no, no, that's not it.

Care. No, what can be the Matter then?

Sir Paul. You'll scarcely believe me, when I shall tell you—my Lady is so Nice——It's very strange, but it's true: Too true—she's so very Nice, that I don't believe she would touch a Man for the World——At least not above once a Year; I'm sure I have found it so; and alas, what's once a Year to an old Man, who would do good in his Generation? Indeed it's true, *Mr. Careless*, it breaks my Heart——I am her Husband, as I may say; though far unworthy of that Honour, yet I am her Husband; but alas-a-day, I have no more Familiarity with her Person—as to that Matter——than with my own Mother——no indeed.

Care. Alas-a-day, this is a lamentable Story; my Lady must be told on't; she must i'faith, *Sir Paul*; 'tis an Injury to the World.

Sir Paul. Ah! would to Heav'n you would, *Mr. Careless*; you are mightily in her Favour.

Care. I warrant you, what we must have a Son some day or other.

Sir Paul. Indeed, I should be mightily bound to you, if you could bring it about. *Mr. Careless*.

L. P. Here, *Sir Paul*, it's from your Steward, here's a return of 600 Pounds; you may take fifty of it for the next half Year.

[Gives him the Letter.]

SCENE IX.

[To them] *Lord Froth*, *Cynthia*:

Sir Paul. How does my Girl? come hither to thy Father, poor Lamb, thou'rt melancholick,

Ld. Froth. Heav'n, *Sir Paul*, you amaze me, of all things in the World—You are never pleas'd but when we all upon the broad Grin; all Laugh and no Company; then 'tis such a Sight to see some Teeth—Sure you're

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a great Admirer of my Lady *Whifler*, Mr. *Sneer*, and Sir *Laurence Loud*, and that Gang.

Sir *Paul*. I vow and swear she's a very merry Woman, but, I think she laughs a little too much.

Ld. *Froth*. Merry! O Lord, what a Character that is of a Woman of Quality—You have been at my Lady *Whifler*'s upon her Day, Madam?

Cynt. Yes, my Lord—I must humour this Fool. [*Aside*.]

Ld. *Froth*. Well and how? hee! What is your Sense of the Conversation?

Cynt. O most ridiculous, a perpetual Consort of laughing without any Harmony; for sure, my Lord, to laugh out of Time, is as disagreeable as to sing out of Time or out of Tune.

Ld. *Froth*. Hee, hee, hee, right; and then, my Lady *Whifler* is so ready—she always comes in three Bars too soon—And then, what do they laugh at? For you know laughing without a Jest is as impertinent; hee! as, as—

Cynt. As dancing without a Fiddle.

Ld. *Froth*. Just i'faith, that was at my Tongue's end.

Cynt. But that cannot be properly said of them, for I think they are all in good Nature with the World, and only laugh at one another; and you must allow they have all Jest in their Persons, though they have none in their Conversation.

Ld. *Froth*. True, as I'm a Person of Honour——For Heav'n's sake let us sacrifice 'em to Mirth a little.

[*Enter Boy and whispers* Sir *Paul*.]

Sir *Paul*. Gads so—Wife, Wife, my Lady *Plyant*, have a Word.

L. P. I'm busy, Sir *Paul*, I wonder at your Impertinence——

Cave. Sir *Paul*, harkee, I'm reasoning the Matter you know; Madam,—if your Ladyship please, we'll discourse of this in the next Room.

Sir *Paul*. O ho, I wish you good Success, I wish you good Success. Boy, tell my Lady, when she has done, I would speak with her below.

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SCENE X.

Cynthia, Lord Froth, Lady Froth, Brisk.

L. Froth. Then you think that *Episde* between *Susan*, the Dairy-Maid, and our Coach-Man is not amiss; you know, I may suppose the Dairy in Town, as well as in the Country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish—But then being an Heroick Poem, had not you better call him a *Charioteer*? *Charioteer* sounds great; besides your Ladyship's Coachman having a red Face, and you comparing him to the Sun—And you know the Sun is call'd *Heav'n's Charioteer*.

L. Froth. Oh, infinitely better; I'm extremely beholden to you for the Hint; stay, we'll read over those half a Score Lines again. [*Pulls out a Paper.*] Let me see here, you know what goes before—the Comparison, you know. [*Reads*]

For as the Sun shines ev'ry Day,

So of our Coachman I may say.

Brisk. I'm afraid that Simile won't do in wet Weather—Because you say the Sun shines ev'ry Day.

L. Froth. No, for the Sun it won't, but it will do for the Coach-man, for you know there's most Occasion for a Coach in wet Weather.

Brisk. Right, right, that saves all.

L. Froth. Then I don't say the Sun shines all the Day, but that he peeps now and then, yet he does shine all the Day too, you know, tho' we don't see him.

Brisk. Right, but the Vulgar will never comprehend that.

L. Froth. Well, you shall hear—Let me see.

[*Reads*] *For as the Sun shines ev'ry Day,*

So, of our Coach-man I may say,

He shews his drunken fiery Face,

Just as the Sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right, all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

L. Froth [*reads*] *And when at Night his Labour's done,*

Then too, like Heav'n's Charioteer the Sun:

Ay, Charioteer does better.

*Into the Dairy he descends,
And there his Whipping and his Driving ends;
There he's secure from Danger of a Bilk.
His Fare is paid him, and he sets in Milk.*

For Susan, you know, is *Thetis*, and so ———

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, *Igad* ——— But I have one Exception to make ——— Don't you think *Bilk* (I know its good Rhyme) but don't you think *Bilk* and *Fare* too like a Hackney Coachman?

L. Froth. I swear and vow I'm afraid so ——— And yet our *Jehu* was a Hackney Coachman, when my Lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answer'd, if *Jehu* was a Hackney Coachman ——— You may put that in the marginal Notes tho', to prevent Criticism ——— Only mark it with a small Asterism, and say, ——— *Jehu* was formerly a Hackney Coachman.

L. Froth. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write Notes to the whole Poem.

Brisk. With all my Heart and Soul, and proud of the vast Honour, let me perish.

Ld. Froth. Hee, hee, hee, my Dear, have you done ——— won't you join with us, we were laughing at my Lady *Whifler*, and Mr. *Sneer*.

L. Froth. ——— Ay my Dear ——— Were you? Oh filthy Mr. *Sneer*; he's a nauseous Figure, a most fustamick Fop, foh ——— He spent two Days together in going about *Covent-Garden* to suit the Lining of his Coach with his Complexion.

Ld. Froth. O silly! yet his Aunt is as fond of him, as if she had brought the Ape into the World her self.

Brisk. Who, my Lady *Toothless*; O, she's a mortifying Spectacle; she's always chewing the Cud like an old Ewe.

Cynt. Fy, Mr. *Brisk*, *Eringo's* for her Cough.

L. Froth. I have seen her take 'em half chew'd out of her Mouth, to laugh, and then put 'em in again ——— Foh.

Ld. Froth. Foh.

L. Froth. Then she's always ready to laugh when *Sneer* offers to speak ——— And sits in Expectation of his no Jest, with her Gums bare, and her Mouth open ———

Brisk.

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Brisk. Like an Oyster at low Ebb, I'gad — Ha, ha, ha.

Cynt. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no Fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other People contemptible by exposing their Infirmities.

L. Froth. Then that t'other great strapping Lady — I can't hit of her Name; the old fat Fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean — But duce take me I can't hit of her Name neither — Paints d'ye say? Why she lays it on with a Trowel — Then she has a great Beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plaister'd with Lime and Hair, let me perish.

L. Froth. Oh you made a Song upon her, Mr. *Brisk.*

Brisk. He? egad, so I did — My Lord can sing it.

Cynt. O good my Lord let's hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a Song neither — It's a sort of an Epigram, or rather an Epigrammatick Sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it's Satire. — Sing it, my Lord.

Lord Froth sings.

Ancient Phillis has young Graces,

'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;

Shall I tell you how?

She her self makes her own Faces,

And each Morning wears a new one;

Where's the Wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's Salt in't; my way of Writing I'gad.

S C E N E. XI.

[*To them*] Footman.

L. Froth. How now?

Foot. Your Ladyship's Chair is come.

L. Froth. Is Nurse and the Child in it?

Foot. Yes, Madam.

L. Froth. O the dear Creature! Let's go see it.

L. Froth. I swear, my Dear, you'll spoil that Child, with sending it to and again so often, this is the seventh time the Chair has gone for her to Day.

C 4

L. Froth.

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L. Froth. O-law, I swear it's but the sixth — and I han't seen her these two Hours — The poor dear Creature — I swear, my Lord, you don't love poor little *Sapho* — Come, my dear *Cynthia*, Mr. *Brisk*, we'll go see *Sapho*, tho' my Lord won't.

Cynt. I'll wait upon your Ladyship.

Brisk. Pray, Madam, how old is Lady *Sapho*?

L. Froth. Three Quarters, but I swear she has a World of Wit, and can sing a Tune already. My Lord, won't you go? Won't you? What not to see *Saph*? Pray, my Lord, come see little *Saph*. I knew you cou'd not stay.

SCENE XII.

Cynthia alone.

Cynt. 'Tis not so hard to counterfeit Joy in the Depth of Affliction, as to dissemble Mirth in Company of Fools — Why should I call 'em Fools? The World thinks better of 'em; for these have Quality and Education, Wit and fine Conversation, are receiv'd and admir'd by the World — If not, they like and admire themselves — And why is not that true Wisdom, for 'tis Happiness: And for ought I know, we have misapply'd the Name all this while, and mistaken the Thing: Since

*If Happiness in self-content is plac'd,
The Wise are Wretched, and Fools only Bless'd.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mellefont and Cynthia.

Cynt. I Heard him loud as I came by the Closet-Door and my Lady with him, but she seem'd to moderate his Passion.

Mel. Ay, Hell thank her, as gentle Breezes moderate Fire; but I shall counter-work her Spells, and ride the Witch in her own Bridle.

Cynt. It's impossible; she'll cast beyond you still — I'll lay my Life it will never be a Match.

Mel. What?

Cynt.

Cynt. Between you and me.

Mel. Why, so?

Cynt. My Mind gives me it won't — because we are both willing; we each of us strive to reach the Goal, and hinder one another in the Race; I swear it never does well when the Parties are so agreed — For when People walk Hand in Hand, there's neither overtaking nor meeting: We Hunt in Couples where we both pursue the same Game, but forget one another; and 'tis because we are so near that we don't think of coming together.

Mel. Hum, 'gad I believe there's something in't; — Marriage is the Game that we hunt, and while we think that we only have it in View, I don't see but we have it in our Power.

Cynt. Within reach; for Example, give me your Hand; you have look'd through the wrong End of the Perspective all this while; for nothing has been between us but our Fears.

Mel. I don't know why we should not steal out of the House this very Moment and marry one another, without Consideration or the Fear of Repentance. Pox o' Fortune, Portion, Settlements and Jointures.

Cynt. Ay, ay, what have we to do with 'em; you know we marry for Love.

Mel. Love, Love, down-right very villanous Love.

Cynt. And he that can't live upon Love, deserves to die in a Ditch. — Here then, I give you my Promise, in spite of Duty, any Temptation of Wealth, your Inconstancy, or my own Inclination to change —

Mel. To run most wilfully and unreasonably away with me this Moment, and be married.

Cynt. Hold — Never to marry any Body else.

Mel. That's but a kind of Negative Consent — Why, you won't balk the Frolick?

Cynt. If you had not been so assured of your own Conduct I would not — But 'tis but reasonable that since I consent to like a Man without the vile Consideration of Money, he should give me a very evident Demonstration of his Wit: Therefore let me see you undermine my lady Touchwood, as you boasted, and force her to give her consent, and then —

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Mel. I'll do't.

Cynt. And I'll do't.

Mel. This very next ensuing Hour of eight a Clock, is the last Minute of her Reign, unless the Devil assist her in *propria persona*.

Cynt. Well, if the Devil should assist her, and your Plot miscarry. —

Mel. Ay, what am I to trust to then?

Cynt. Why if you give me very clear Demonstration that it was the Devil, I'll allow for irresistible Odds. But if I find it to be only Chance, or Destiny, or unlucky Stars, or any thing but the very Devil, I'm inexorable: Only still I'll keep my Word; and live a Maid for your sake.

Mel. And you won't die one, for your own, so still there's Hope.

Cynt. Here's my Mother-in-law, and your Friend *Careless*, I would not have 'em see us together yet.

S C E N E II.

Careless and Lady Plyant.

L. P. I Swear, Mr. *Careless*, you are very alluring — And say so many fine Things, and nothing is so moving to me as a fine Thing. Well, I must do you this Justice, and declare in the Face of the World, never any Body gain'd so far upon me as your self; with Blushes I must own it, you have shaken, as I may say, the very Foundation of my Honour — Well, sure if I escape your Importunities, I shall value my self as long as I live, I swear.

Care. And despise me.

L. P. The last of any Man in the World, by my Purity; now you make me swear — O Gratitude forbid, that I should ever be wanting in a respectful Acknowledgment of an intire Resignation of all my best Wishes, for the Person and Parts of so accomplish'd a Person, whose Merit challenges much more, I'm sure, than my illiterate Praises can description —

Care. [*In a whining Tone.*] Ah Heav'ns, Madam, you ruin me with Kindness; your charming Tongue pursues

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the Victory of your Eyes, while at your Feet your poor Adorer dies.

L. P. Ah! Very fine.

Care. [*Still whining.*] Ah why are you so Fair, so bewitching Fair? O let me grow to the Ground here, and feast upon that Hand; O let me press it to my Heart, my trembling Heart, the nimble Movement shall instruct your Pulse, and teach it to alarm Desire.

[*Zoons I'm almost at the end of my Cant, if she does not yield quickly.* (Aside.)

L. P. O that's so passionate and fine, I cannot hear it — I am not safe if I stay, and must leave you.

Care. And must you leave me! Rather let me languish out a wretched Life, and breathe my Soul beneath your Feet. [*I must say the same Thing over again, and can't help it.* (Aside.)

L. P. I swear I'm ready to languish too — O my Honour! Whither is it going? I protest you have given me the Palpitation of the Heart.

Care. Can you be so cruel. —

L. P. O rise I beseech you, say no more 'till you rise — Why did you kneel so long? I swear I was so transported, I did not see it, — Well, to shew you how far you have gain'd upon me; I assure you if Sir Paul should die, of all Mankind there's none I'd sooner make my second Choice.

Care. O Heav'n! I can't out-live this Night without your Favour — I feel my Spirits faint, a general Dampness over-spreads my Face, a cold deadly Dew already vents through all my Pores, and will to Morrow wash me for ever from your Sight, and drown me in my Tomb.

L. P. O you have conquer'd, sweet, melting, moving Sir, you have conquer'd — What Heart of Marble can refrain to weep, and yield to such sad Sayings. — [*Cries.*

Care. I thank Heav'n, they are the saddest that I ever said — Oh! [*I shall never contain Laughter.* (Aside.)

L. P. Oh, I yield my self all up to your uncontrollable Embraces — Say, thou dear dying Man, when, where, and how. — Ah, there's Sir Paul.

Care.

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Care, 'Slife, yonder's *Sir Paul*, but if he were not come, I'm so transported I cannot speak — This Note will inform you. [Gives her a Note.]

S C E N E III.

Lady Plyant, *Sir Paul*, *Cynthia*.

Sir Paul. Thou art my tender Lambkin, and shalt do what thou wilt — But endeavour to forget this *Mellefont*.

Cynt. I would obey you to my Power, Sir; but if I have not him, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir Paul. Never to marry! Heav'n's forbid; must I neither have Sons nor Grandsons? must the Family of the *Plyants* be utterly extinct for want of Issue Male. Oh Impiety! But did you swear, did that sweet Creature swear! ha? How durst you swear without my Consent, ah? Gads-bud, who am I?

Cynt. Pray don't be angry, Sir, when I swore, I had your Consent; and therefore I swore.

Sir Paul. Why then the revoking my Consent does annul, or make of none effect your Oath: So you may unswear it again — The Law will allow it.

Cynt. Ay, but my Conscience never will.

Sir Paul. Gads-bud no matter for that, Conscience and Law never go together; you must not expect that.

L. P. Ay, but *Sir Paul*, I conceive if she has sworn, d'ye mark me, if she has once sworn; it is most unchristian, inhuman, and obscene that she shou'd break it. — I'll make up the Match again, because Mr. *Careless* said it would oblige him. [Aside.]

Sir Paul. Does your Ladyship conceive so — Why I was of that Opinion once too — Nay if your Ladyship conceives so, I'm of that Opinion again; but I can neither find my Lord nor my Lady to know what they intend.

L. P. I'm satisfy'd that my Cousin *Mellefont* has been much wrong'd.

Cynt. [Aside.] I'm amaz'd to find her of our side, for I'm sure she lov'd him.

L. P.

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L. P. I know my Lady Touchwood has no Kindness for him; and besides I have been inform'd by Mr. Careless, that Mellefont had never any thing more than a profound Respect — That he has own'd himself to be my Admirer 'tis true, but he was never so presumptuous to entertain any dishonourable Notions of Things; so that if this be made plain — I don't see how my Daughter can in Conscience, or Honour, or any thing in the World —

Sir Paul. Indeed if this be made plain, as my Lady your Mother says, Child —

L. P. Plain! I was inform'd of it by Mr. Careless — And I assure you Mr. Careless is a Person — that has a most extraordinary Respect and Honour for you, Sir Paul.

Cym. [*Aside.*] And for your Ladyship too, I believe, or else you had not chang'd Sides so soon; now I begin to find it.

Sir Paul. I am much obliged to Mr. Careless really, he is a Person that I have a great Value for, not only for that, but because he has a great Veneration for your Ladyship.

L. P. O las, no indeed, Sir Paul, 'tis upon your Account.

Sir Paul. No I protest and vow, I have no Title to his Esteem, but in having the Honour to appertain in some Measure to your Ladyship, that's all.

L. P. O law now, I swear and declare, it shan't be so, you're too modest, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. It becomes me, when there is any Comparison made, between —

L. P. O fy, fy, Sir Paul, you'll put me out of Countenance — Your very obedient and affectionate Wife; that's all — And highly honour'd in that Title.

Sir Paul. Gads-bud I am transported! Give me leave to kiss your Ladyship's Hand.

Cym. That my poor Father should be so very silly!

[*Aside.*]

L. P. My Lip indeed, Sir Paul, I swear you shall.

[*He kisses her, and bows very low.*]

Sir Paul. I humbly thank your Ladyship — I don't know whether I fly on Ground, or walk in Air — Gads-bud, she was never thus before — Well, I must own myself

self

L. P.

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self the most beholden to Mr. *Careless* — As sure as can be this is all his doing, — something that he has said; well, 'tis a rare thing to have an ingenious Friend. Well, your Ladyship is of Opinion that the Match may go forward.

L. P. By all means — Mr. *Careless* has satisfy'd me of the Matter.

Sir Paul. Well, why then, Lamb, you may keep your Oath, but have a care of making rash Vows; come hither to me, and kiss Papa.

L. P. I swear and declare, I am in such a twitter to read Mr. *Careless* his Letter, that I can't forbear any longer — But though I may read all Letters first by Prerogative, yet I'll be sure to be unsuspected this time. — Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. Did your Ladyship call?

L. P. Nay, not to interrupt you, my Dear — Only lend me your Letter, which you had from your Steward to Day: I would look upon the Account again; and may be increase your Allowance.

Sir Paul. There it is, Madam; Do you want a Pen and Ink?

[Bows and gives the Letter.]

L. P. No, no, nothing else, I thank you, Sir Paul — So now I can read my own Letter under the Cover of his.

[Aside.]

Sir Paul. He? And wilt thou bring a Grandson at nine Months end — He? A brave chopping Boy. — I'll settle a thousand Pound a Year upon the Rogue as soon as ever he looks me in the Face, I will Gads-bud. I'm overjoy'd to think I have any of my Family that will bring Children into the World. For I would fain have some Resemblance of my self in my Posterity, he Thy? Can't you contrive that Affair, Girl? Do Gads-bud, think on thy old Father; heh? Make the young Rogue as like as you can.

Cyn. I'm glad to see you so merry, Sir.

Sir Paul. Merry, Gads-bud I'm serious, I'll give thee 500*l.* for every Inch of him that resembles me; ah this Eye, this left Eye! A thousand Pound for this left Eye. This has done Execution in its time, Girl; why thou hast my Leer, Hussy, just thy Father's Leer. — Let it be

transmitted

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transmitted to the young Rogue by the help of Imagination; why 'tis the Mark of our Family *Thy*; our House is distinguish'd by a languishing Eye, as the House of *Austria* is by a thick Lip. — Ah! when I was of your Age, *Hussy*, I would have held fifty to one, I could have drawn my own Picture — Gads-bud I could have done — not so much as you neither, — but — — — nay, don't blush — — —

Cynt. I don't blush, Sir, for I vow I don't understand —

Sir *Paul*, Pshaw, Pshaw, you fib, you Baggage, you do understand, and you shall understand; come don't be so nice, Gads-bud don't learn after your Mother-in-law my Lady here: Marry Heav'n forbid that you should follow her Example, that would spoil all indeed. Bless us, if you should take a Vagarie and make a rash Resolution on your Wedding Night, to die a Maid, as she did; all were ruin'd, all my Hopes lost — My Heart would break, and my Estate would be left to the wide World, he? I hope you are a better Christian than to think of living a Nun; he? Answer me?

Cynt. I'm all Obedience, Sir, to your Commands.

L. P. [*Having read the Letter.*] O dear Mr. *Careless*, I swear he writes charmingly, and he looks charmingly, and he has charm'd me, as much as I have charm'd him; and so I'll tell him in the Wardrobe when 'tis dark. O Crimine! I hope Sir *Paul* has not seen both Letters. [*Puts the wrong Letter hastily up, and gives him her own.*] Sir *Paul*, here's your Letter, to Morrow Morning I'll settle Accounts to your Advantage.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] Brisk.

Brisk. Sir *Paul*, Gads-bud you're an uncivil Person, let me tell you, and all that; and I did not think it had been in you.

Sir *Paul*. O Law, what's the matter now? I hope you are not angry, Mr. *Brisk*.

Brisk. Duce take me I believe you intend to marry your Daughter your self; you're always brooding over her like

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like an old Hen, as if she were not well hatch'd, I'gad, he?

Sir Paul. Good strange! Mr. Brisk is such a merry facetious Person, he, he, he. No, no, I have done with her, I have done with her now.

Brisk. The Fiddles have stay'd this Hour in the Hall, and my Lord Froth wants a Partner, we can never begin without her.

Sir Paul. Go, go, Child, go, get you gone and dance and be merry, I'll come and look at you by and by. — Where's my Son Mellefont?

L. P. I'll send him to them, I know where he is —

Brisk. Sir Paul, will you send Careless into the Hall if you meet him.

Sir Paul. I will, I will, I'll go and look for him on purpose.

S C E N E V.

Brisk alone.

Brisk. So now they are all gone, and I have an Opportunity to practise. — Ah! My dear Lady Froth! She's a most engaging Creature, if she were not so fond of that damn'd coxcomby Lord of hers; and yet I am forced to allow him Wit too, to keep in with him — No matter, she's a Woman of Parts, and I'gad Parts will carry her. She said she would follow me into the Gallery — Now to make my Approaches — Hem hem! Ah Ma- [Bows.] dam! — Pox on't, why should I disparage my Parts by thinking what to say? None but dull Rogues think; witty Men, like rich Fellows, are always ready for all Expences; while your Blockheads, like poor needy Scoundrels, are forced to examine their Stock, and forecast the Charges of the Day. Here she comes, I'll seem not to see her, and try to win her with a new airy Invention of my own, hem!

S C E N E VI.

[To him] Lady Froth.

[Brisk Sings, walking about] I'm sick with Love, ha, ha, ha, pr'ythee come cure me.

I'm sick with, &c.

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O ye Pow'rs! O my Lady Froth, my Lady Froth! MY Lady Froth! Heigho! Break heart; Gods I thank you.

[Stands musing with his Arms a-cross.]

L. Froth. O Heav'ns, Mr. Brisk! What's the Matter?

Brisk. My Lady Froth! Your Ladyship's most humble Servant; — The Matter, Madam? Nothing, Madam, nothing at all I'gad. I was fallen into the most agreeable Amusement in the whole Province of Contemplation: That's all — (I'll seem to conceal my Passion, and that will look like Respect.) [Aside.]

L. Froth. Bless me, why did you call out upon me so loud? —

Brisk. O Lord I Madam! I beseech your Ladyship — when?

L. Froth. Just now as I came in, bless me, why don't you know it?

Brisk. Not I, let me perish — But did I! Strange! I confess your Ladyship was in my Thoughts; and I was in a sort of Dream that did in a manner represent a very pleasing Object to my Imagination, but — but did I indeed? — To see how Love and Murder will out. But did I really name my Lady Froth?

L. Froth. Three times aloud, as I love Letters — But did you talk of Love? O Parnassus! Who would have thought Mr. Brisk could have been in Love, ha, ha, ha. O Heav'ns I thought you cou'd have no Mistress but the Nine Muses.

Brisk. No more I have I'gad, for I adore 'em all in your Ladyship — Let me perish, I don't know whether to be splenetick, or airy upon't; the Duce take me if I can tell whether I am glad or sorry that your Ladyship has made the Discovery.

L. Froth. O be merry by all means — Prince Volscius in Love! Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. O barbarous, to turn me into Ridicule! Yet, ha, ha, ha. The Duce take me, I can't help laughing my self, ha, ha, ha; yet by Heav'ns I have a violent Passion for your Ladyship, seriously.

L. Froth. Seriously? Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Seriously, ha, ha, ha. Gad I have, for all I laugh.

L. Froth:

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L. Froth. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye think I laugh at? Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Me l'gad, ha, ha.

L. Froth. No the Duce take me if I don't laugh at my self; for hang me if I have not a violent Passion for Mr. *Brisk*, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Seriously?

L. Froth. Seriously, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. That's well enough; let me perish, ha, ha, ha. O miraculous, what a happy Discovery. Ah my dear charming Lady *Froth*!

L. Froth. Oh my adored Mr. *Brisk*! [Embrace.]

SCENE VII.

[To them] *Lord Froth.*

Ld. Froth. The Company are all ready — How now!

Brisk. Zoons, Madam, there's my Lord. [Softly to her.]

L. Froth. Take no notice — but observe me — Now cast off, and meet me at the lower end of the Room, and then join Hands again; I could teach my Lord this Dance purely, but I vow, Mr. *Brisk*, I can't tell how to come so near any other Man. Oh here's my Lord, now you shall see me do it with him.

[They pretend to practise part of a Country Dance.]

Ld. Froth. — Oh I see there's no harm yet — But I don't like this Familiarity. [Aside.]

L. Froth. — Shall you and I do our close Dance, to shew Mr. *Brisk*?

Ld. Froth. No, my Dear, do it with him.

L. Froth. I'll do it with him, my Lord, when you are out of the way.

Brisk. That's good l'gad, that's good, Duce take me I can hardly hold laughing in his Face. [Aside.]

Ld. Froth. Any other time, my Dear, or we'll dance it below.

L. Froth. With all my Heart.

Brisk. Come my Lord, I'll wait on you — My charming witty Angel! [To her.]

L. Froth. We shall have whispering time enough, you know, since we are Partners.

SCENE

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S C E N E VIII.

Lady Plyant, and Careless.

L. P. O Mr. *Careless*, Mr. *Careless*, I'm ruin'd, I'm undone.

Care. What's the Matter, Madam?

L. P. O the unlucky'st Accident, I'm afraid I shan't live to tell it you.

Care. Heav'n forbid! What is it?

L. P. I'm in such a Fright; the strangest Quandary and Premunire! I'm all over in a universal Agitation, I dare swear every Circumstance of me trembles. — O your Letter, your Letter! By an unfortunate Mistake, I have given Sir Paul your Letter instead of his own.

Care. That was unlucky.

L. P. O yonder he comes reading of it, for Heav'n's sake step in here and advise me quickly, before he sees.

S C E N E IX.

Sir Paul with the Letter.

Sir Paul. — O Providence, what a Conspiracy have I discover'd — But let me see to make an end on'r. —
[Reads.] Hum — *After Supper in the Wardrobe by the Gallery.* If Sir Paul should surprize us, I have a Commission from him to treat with you about the very Matter of Fact — Matter of Fact! Very pretty; it seems then I am conducting to my own Cuckoldom; why this is the very traiterous Potition of taking up Arms by my Authority, against my Person! Well, let me see — 'Till then I languish in Expectation of my adored Charmer.

Dying Ned. Careless.

Gads-bud, would that were matter of Fact too. Die and be damn'd for a Judas Maccabous, and Iscariot both. O Friendship! What art thou but a Name! Henceforward let no Man make a Friend that would not be a Cuckold: For whomsoever he receives into his Bosom, will find the Way to his Bed, and there return his Caresses with Intest to his Wife. Have I for this been pinion'd Night after Night for three Years past? Have I been swath'd in Blankets

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Blankets 'till I have been even depriv'd of Motion? Have I approach'd the Marriage Bed with Reverence as to a sacred Shrine, and deny'd my self the Enjoyment of lawful Domestick Pleasures to preserve its Purity, and must I now find it polluted by foreign Iniquity? O my Lady *Plyant*, you were chaste as Ice, but you are melted now, and false as Water. — But Providence has been constant to me in discovering this Conspiracy; still I am beholden to Providence, if it were not for Providence, sure poor Sir *Paul* thy Heart would break.

S C E N E X.

[To him] Lady *Plyant*.

L. P. So, Sir, I see you have read the Letter — Well now, Sir *Paul*, what do you think of your Friend *Careless*? Has he been treacherous, or did you give his Insolence a Licence to make Trial of your Wife's suspected Virtue? D'ye see here? [*Snatches the Letter as in Anger.*] Look, read it? Gad's my Life if I thought it were so, I would this Moment renounce all Communication with you. Ungrateful Monster! He? Is it so? Ay, I see it, a Plot upon my Honour; your guilty Cheeks confess it: Oh where shall wrong'd Virtue fly for Reparation! I'll be divorc'd this Instant.

Sir *Paul*. Gads-bud what shall I say? This is the strangest Surprize! — Why I don't know any thing at all, nor I don't know whether there be any thing at all in the World, or no.

L. P. I thought I should try you, false Man. I that never dissembled in my Life: Yet to make Trial of you, pretended to like that Monster of Iniquity, *Careless*, and found out that Contrivance to let you see this Letter; which now I find was of your own indiring — I do, Heathen, I do; see my Face no more; I'll be divorc'd presently.

Sir *Paul*. O strange, what will become of me! — I'm so amaz'd, and so overjoy'd, so afraid, and so sorry. — But did you give me this Letter on Purpose, he? Did you?

L. P.

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L. P. Did I? Do you doubt me, Turk, Sarazen? I have a Cousin that's a Proctor in the Commons, I'll go to him instantly.——

Sir Paul. Hold, stay, I beseech your Ladyship—I'm so overjoy'd, stay, I'll confess all.

L. P. What will you confess, Jew?

Sir Paul. Why now as I hope to be saved, I had no Hand in this Letter——Nay hear me, I beseech your Ladyship: The Devil take me now if he did not go beyond my Commission——If I desired him to do any more than speak a good Word only just for me; Gads-bud only for poor Sir Paul, I'm an Anabaptist, or a Jew, or what you please to call me.

L. P. Why is not here Matter of Fact?

Sir Paul. Ay, but by your own Virtue and Continency that matter of Fact is all his own doing.—I confess I had a great Desire to have some Honours conferr'd upon me, whichlie all in your Ladyship's Breast, and he being a well-spoken Man, I desired him to intercede for me.——

L. P. Did you so, Presumption! Oh! he comes, the Tarquin comes; I cannot bear his Sight.

S C E N E XI.

Careless, Sir Paul.

Care. Sir Paul, I'm glad I've met with you, 'gad I have said all I could, but can't prevail—Then my Friendship to you has carry'd me a little farther in this Matter——

Sir Paul. Indeed—Well Sir—I'll dissemble with him a little. [Aside.]

Care. Why faith I have in my Time known honest Gentlemen abused by a pretended Coyness in their Wives, and I had a mind to try my Lady's Virtue—And when I could not prevail for you, 'gad I pretended to be in Love my self—but all in vain, she would not hear a Word upon that Subject: Then I writ a Letter to her; I don't know what Effects that will have, but I'll be sure to tell you when I do, tho' by this Light I believe her Vertue is impregnable.

Sir Paul. O Providence! Providence! What Discoveries are

L. P.

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are here made? Why, this is better and more miraculous than the rest.

Care. What do you mean?

Sir Paul. I can't tell you, I'm so overjoy'd; come along with me to my Lady, I can't contain my self; come my dear Friend.

Care. So, so, so, this Difficulty's over. [Aside.

S C E N E XII.

Mellefont, Maskwell, from different Doors.

Mel. *Maskwell!* I have been looking for you—'tis within a Quarter of Eight.

Mask. My Lady is just gone into my Lord's Closet, you had best steal in to her Chamber before she comes, and lie concealed there, otherwise she may lock the Door when we are together, and you not easily get in to surprize us.

Mel. He? You say true.

Mask. You had best make haste, for after she has made some Apology to the Company for her own, and my Lord's Absence all this while, she'll retire to her Chamber instantly.

Mel. I go this Moment: Now Fortune I defy thee.

S C E N E XIII.

Maskwell alone.

Mask. I confess you may be allow'd to be secure in your own Opinion; the Appearance is very fair, but I have an After-Game to play that shall turn the Tables, and here comes the Man that I must manage.

S C E N E XIV.

[To him] *Lord Touchwood.*

Ld. T. *Maskwell,* you are the Man I wish'd to meet

Mask. I am happy to be in the way of your Lordship's Commands.

Ld. T. I have always found you prudent and careful in any thing that has concern'd me or my Family.

Mask. I were a Villain else—I am bound by Duty and Gratitude

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Gratitude, and my own Inclination, to be ever your Lordship's Servant.

Ld. T. Enough — You are my Friend; I know it: Yet there has been a thing in your Knowledge, which has concern'd me nearly, that you have conceal'd from me.

Mask. My Lord!

Ld. T. Nay, I excuse your Friendship to my unnatural Nephew thus far — But I know you have been privy to his impious Designs upon my Wife. This Ev'ning she has told me all: Her Good-nature conceal'd it as long as was possible; but he perseveres so in Villany, that she has told me even you were weary of dissuading him, though you have once actually hindered him from forcing her.

Mask. I am sorry, my Lord, I can't make you an Answer; this is an Occasion in which I would not willingly be silent.

Ld. T. I know you would excuse him — And I know as well that you can't.

Mask. Indeed I was in Hopes t'had been a youthful Heat that might have soon boil'd over; but —

Ld. T. Say on.

Mask. I have nothing more to say, my Lord — But to express my Concern; for I think his Frenzy increases daily.

Ld. T. How! Give me but Proof of it, Ocular Proof, that I may justify my Dealing with him to the World, and share my Fortunes.

Mask. O my Lord! consider that is hard: Besides, time may work upon him: Then, for me to do it! I have profess'd an everlasting Friendship to him.

Ld. T. He is your Friend, and what am I?

Mask. I am answered.

Ld. T. Fear not his Displeasure; I will put you out of his, and Fortune's Power, and for that thou art scrupulously honest, I will secure thy Fidelity to him, and give my Honour never to own any Discovery that you shall make me. Can you give me a demonstrative Proof? Speak.

Mask. I wish I could not — To be plain, my Lord, I intended this Ev'ning to have try'd all Arguments to dissuade

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suade him from a Design, which I suspect; and if I had not succeeded, to have informed your Lordship of what I knew.

Ld. T. I thank you. What is the Villain's Purpose?

Mask. He has own'd nothing to me of late, and what I mean now, is only a bare Suspicion of my own. If your Lordship will meet me a Quarter of an Hour hence there, in that Lobby by my Lady's Bed-Chamber, I shall be able to tell you more.

Ld. T. I will.

Mask. My Duty to your Lordship makes me do a severe Piece of Justice.——

Ld. T. I will be secret, and reward your Honesty beyond your Hopes.

S C E N E X V .

SCENE opening, *shews Lady Touchwood's Chamber.*

Mellefont Solus.

Mel. Pray Heav'n my Aunt keep touch with her Affignation.——Oh that her Lord were but sweating behind this Hanging, with the Expectation of what I shall see—Hift, she comes—Little does she think what a Mine is just ready to spring under her Feet. But to my Post.

[*Goes behind the Hangings.*]

S C E N E X V I .

Lady Touchwood.

L. T. 'Tis Eight a Clock: Methinks I should have found him here. Who does not prevent the Hour of Love, outstays the Time; for to be dully punctual, is too slow.—I was accusing you of Neglect.

S C E N E X V I I .

Lady Touchwood, Maskwell.

Mellefont absconding.

Mask. I confess you do reproach me when I see you here

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here before me; but 'tis fit I should be still behind-hand, still to be more and more indebted to your Goodness.

L. T. You can excuse a Fault too well, not to have been to blame—A ready Answer shews you were prepar'd.

Mask. Guilt is ever at a Loss, and Confusion waits upon it; when Innocence and bold Truth are always ready for Expression—

L. T. Not in Love; Words are the weak Support of cold Indifference; Love has no Language to be heard.

Mask. Excess of Joy has made me stupid! Thus may my Lips be ever clos'd. [*Kisses her.*] And thus—Oh who would not lose his Speech, upon Condition to have Joys above it?

L. T. Hold, let me lock the Door first.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Mask. [*Aside.*] That I believ'd; 'twas well I left the private Passage open.

L. T. So, that's safe.

Mask. And so may all your Pleasures be, and secret as this Kiss—

Mel. And may all Treachery be thus discover'd. [*Leaps out.*]

L. T. Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Mel. Villain! [*Offers to draw.*]

Mask. Nay then, there's but one Way. [*Runs out.*]

SCENE XVIII.

Lady Touchwood, Mellefont.

Mel. Say you so, were you provided for an Escape? Hold, Madam, you have no more Holes to your Burrough, and between you and this Sally-Port.

L. T. Thunder strike thee dead for this Deceit, immediate Lightning blast thee, me and the whole World—Oh! I could rack my self, play the Vulture to my own Heart, and gnaw it piece-meal, for not boding to me this Misfortune.

Mel. Be Patient.—

L. T. Be damn'd.

Mel. Consider I have you on the Hook; you will but
D flounder

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flounder your self a weary, and be nevertheless my Prisoner.

L. T. I'll hold my Breath and die, but I'll be free.

Mel. O Madam, have a care of dying unprepar'd, I doubt you have some unrepented Sins that may hang heavy, and retard your Flight.

L. T. O! what shall I do? say? Whither shall I turn? Has Hell no Remedy?

Mel. None, Hell has serv'd you ev'n as Heav'n has done, left you to your self.—You're in a kind of *Erasmus* Paradise; yet if you please you may make it a Purgatory; and with a little Penance and my Absolution, all this may turn to good Account.

L. T. [*Aside.*] Hold in my Passion, and fall, fall a little thou swelling Heart; let me have some Intermiſſion of this Rage, and one Minute's Cobliness to diſſemble.

[*She weeps.*]

Mel. You have been to blame.—I like those Tears, and hope they are of the purest kind—Penitential Tears.

L. T. O the Scene was shifted quick before me—I had not time to think—I was surprized to see a Monster in the Glass, and now I find 'tis my self; Can you have Mercy to forgive the Faults I have imagin'd, but never put in Practice—O consider, consider how fatal you have been to me, you have already kill'd the Quiet of this Life. The Love of you was the first wand'ring Fire that ever mislead my Steps, and while I had only that in View, I was betray'd into unthought of Ways of Ruin.

Mel. May I believe this true?

L. T. O be not cruelly incredulous—How can you doubt these streaming Eyes? Keep the severest Eye o'er all my future Conduct; and if I once relapse, let me not hope Forgiveness, 'twill ever be in your Power to ruin me—My Lord shall sign to your Desires; I will my self create your Happiness, and *Cynthia* shall be this Night your Bride—Do but conceal my Failings, and forgive.

Mel. Upon such Terms, I will be ever yours in every honest Way.

SCENE

SCENE XIX.

Maskwell *softly introduces Lord Touchwood, and retires.*

Mask. I have kept my Word, he's here, but I must not be seen.

SCENE XX.

Lady Touchwood, Lord Touchwood, Mellefont.

Ld. T. Hell and Amazement, she's in Tears.

L. Touch. [Kneeling] Eternal Blessings thank you—Ha! My Lord list'ning! O Fortune has o'erpaid me all, all! all's my own! [Aside.

Mel. Nay, I beseech you rise.

L. T. [Aloud.] Never, never! I'll grow to the Ground, e buried quick beneath it, ere I'll be consenting to so damn'd a Sin as Incest! unnatural Incest!

Mel. Ha!

L. T. O cruel Man, will you not let me go—I'll forgive all that's past—O Heav'n, you will not ravish me!

Mel. Damnation!

Ld. T. Monster, Dog! your Life shall answer this—

[Draws and runs at Mel. is held by Lady Touchwood.

L. T. O Heav'n's my Lord! Hold, hold, for Heav'n's sake.

Mel. Confusion, my Uncle! O the damn'd Sorcerers.

L. T. Moderate your Rage, good my Lord! He's mad, alas, he's mad—Indeed he is my Lord, and knows not what he does—See how wild he looks.

Mel. By Heav'n 'twere senseless not to be mad, and such Witchcraft.

L. T. My Lord, you hear him, he talks idly.

Ld. T. Hence from my Sight, thou living Infamy to my Name; when next I see that Face, I'll write Villain with my Sword's Point.

Mel. Now, by my Soul, I will not go 'till I have made known my Wrongs—Nay, 'till I have made known yours, which (if possible) are greater—though she has all the worst of Hell her Servants.

L. T. Alas he raves! Talks very Poetry—For Heav'n's sake

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Take away my Lord, he'll either tempt you to Extravagance, or commit some himself.

Mel. Death and Furies, will you not hear me—Why by Heav'n she laughs, grins, points to your Back; she forks out Cuckoldom with her Fingers, and you're running Horn-mad after your Fortune.

[As she is going she turns back and smiles at him.]

Ld. T. I fear he's mad indeed—Let's send Maskwell to him.

Mel. Send him to her.

L. T. Come, come, good my Lord, my Heart akes so, I shall faint if I stay.

S C E N E XXI.

Mellefont alone.

Mel. O I could curse my Stars, Fate, and Chance; all Causes and Accidents of Fortune in this Life! But to what Purpose? Yet, 'Ideath, for a Man to have the Fruit of all his Industry grow full and ripe, ready to drop into his Mouth, and just when he holds out his Hand to gather it, to have a sudden Whirlwind come, tear up Tree and all, and bear away the very Root and Foundation of his Hopes; What Temper can contain? They talk of sending Maskwell to me; I never had more need of him—But what can he do? Imagination cannot form a fairer and more plausible Design than this of his which has miscarried—O my precious Aunt, I shall never thrive without I deal with the Devil, or another Woman.

*Women like Flames have a destroying Pow'r,
Ne'er to be quench'd, 'till they themselves devour.*

SCENE *South.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lady Touchwood and Maskwell.

L. T. WAS'T not lucky?

Mask. Lucky! Fortune is your own, and 'tis her Interest so to be; by Heav'n I believe you can control her Pow'r, and she fears it; though Chance brought my Lord, 'twas your own Art that turn'd it to Advantage.

L. T. 'Tis true it might have been my Ruin—But yonder's my Lord, I believe he's coming to find you, I'll not be seen.

SCENE II.

Maskwell alone.

Mask. So; I durst not own my introducing my Lord, though it succeeded well for her, for she would have suspected a Design which I should have been puzzled to excuse. My Lord is thoughtful—I'll be so too; yet he shall know my Thoughts; or think he does——

SCENE III.

[To him] Lord Touchwood.

Mask. What have I done?

Ld. T. Talking to himself!

Mask. 'Twas honest—and shall I be rewarded for it? No, 'twas honest, therefore I shan't;—Nay, rather therefore I ought not; for it rewards it self.

L. T. Unequal'd Virtue!

[Aside.]

Mask. But should it be known! then I have lost a Friend! He was an ill Man, and I have gain'd; for half my self I lent him, and that I have recall'd; so I have served my self, and what is yet better, I have served a worthy Lord to whom I owe my self.

Ld. T. Excellent Man!

[Aside.]

Mask. Yet I am wretched—O there is a Secret burns within this Breast, which should it once blaze forth, would

ruin all, consume my honest Character, and brand me with the Name of Villain.

Ld. T. Ha!

Mask. Why do I love! Yet Heav'n and my waking Conscience are my Witnesses, I never gave one working Thought a Vent; which might discover that I lov'd, nor ever must; no, let it prey upon my Heart; for I would rather die, than seem once, barely seem, dishonest:—O, should it once be known I love fair *Cynthia*, all this that I have done, would look like Rival's Malice, false Friendship to my Lord, and base Self-interest. Let me perish first, and from this Hour avoid all Sight and Speech, and, if I can, all Thought of that pernicious Beauty. Ha! But what is my Distraction doing? I am wildly talking to my self, and some ill Chance might have directed malicious Ears this way.

[*Seems to start, seeing my Lord.*]

Ld. T. Start not—let guilty and dishonest Souls start at the Revelation of their Thoughts, but be thou fix'd, as is thy Virtue.

Mask. I am confounded and beg your Lordship's Pardon for those free Discourses which I have had with my self.

L. T. Come, I beg your Pardon that I over-heard you, and yet it shall not need—Honest *Maskwell*! thy and my good Genius led me hither—Mine, in that I have discover'd so much manly Virtue; thine, in that thou shalt have due Reward of all thy Worth. Give me thy Hand—my Nephew is the alone remaining Branch of all our ancient Family; him I thus blow away, and constitute thee in his room to be my Heir—

Mask. Now Heav'n forbid—

Ld. T. No more—I have resolv'd—The Writings are ready drawn, and wanted nothing but to be sign'd, and have his Name inserted—Yours will fill the Blank as well—I will have no Reply—Let me command this time; for 'tis the last, in which I will assume Authority—hereafter, you shall rule where I have Power.

Mask. I humbly would Petition—

Ld. T. Is't for your self?—[*Mask. pauses.*] I'll hear of nought for any Body else.

Mask.

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Mask. Then Witness Heav'n for me, this Wealth and Honour was not of my seeking, nor would I build my Fortune on another's Ruin: I had but one Desire——

Ld. T. Thou shalt enjoy it——If all I'm worth in Wealth or Interest can purchase *Cynthia*, she is thine.——I'm sure Sir *Paul's* Consent will follow Fortune; I'll quickly shew him which way that is going.

Mask. You oppress me with Bounty; my Gratitude is weak, and shrinks beneath the Weight, and cannot rise to thank you——What, enjoy my Love! Forgive the Transports of a Blessing so unexpected, so unhop'd for, so unthought of!

Ld. T. I will confirm it, and rejoice with thee.

S C E N E IV.

Maskwell alone.

Mask. This is prosp'rous indeed——Why let him find me out a Villain, settled in Possession of a fair Estate, and full Fruition of my Love, I'll bear the Railings of a losing Gamester——But shou'd he find me out before! 'tis dangerous to delay——Let me think——shou'd my Lord proceed to treat openly of my Marriage with *Cynthia*, all must be discover'd, and *Mellefont* can be no longer blinded.——It must not be; nay, shou'd my Lady know it——ay, then were fine Work indeed! Her Fury wou'd spare nothing, tho' she involv'd her self in Ruin. No, it must be by Stratagem——I must deceive *Mellefont* once more, and get my Lord to consent to my private Management. He comes opportunely——Now will I, in my old way, discover the whole and real Truth of the Matter to him, that he may not suspect one Word on't.

*No Mask like open Truth to cover Lyes,
As to go Naked is the best Disguise.*

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SCENE V.

[To him] Mellefont.

Mel. O *Maskwell*, what Hopes? I am confounded in a maze of Thoughts, each leading into another, and all ending in Perplexity. My Uncle will not see, nor hear me.

Mask. No matter, Sir, don't trouble your Head, all's in my Power.

Mel. How? For Heav'n's sake?

Mask. Little do you think that your Aunt has kept her Word,—How the Devil she wrought my Lord into this Dotage, I know not; but he's gone to Sir *Paul* about my Marriage with *Cynthia*, and has appointed me his Heir.

Mel. The Devil he has! What's to be done?

Mask. I have it, it must be by Stratagem; for it's in vain to make Application to him. I think I have that in my Head that cannot fail: Where's *Cynthia*?

Mel. In the Garden.

Mask. Let us go and consult her, my Life for yours, I cheat my Lord.

SCENE VI.

Lord Touchwood, Lady Touchwood.

L. T. *Maskwell* your Heir, and marry *Cynthia*!

Ld. T. I cannot do too much for so much Merit.

L. T. But this is a thing of too great Moment to be so suddenly resolv'd. Why *Cynthia*? Why must he be marry'd? Is there not reward enough in raising his low Fortune, but he must mix his Blood with mine, and wed my Niece? How know you that my Brother will consent, or she? Nay, he himself perhaps may have Affections elsewhere.

Ld. T. No, I am convinc'd he loves her.

L. T. *Maskwell* love *Cynthia*, impossible!

Ld. T. I tell you, he confess'd it to me.

L. T. Confusion! How's this!

Ld. T. His Humility long stifled his Passion: And his Love

[*Aside.*

Love

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Love of *Mellefont* would have made him still conceal it.—
But by Encouragement, I wrung the Secret from him;
and know he's no way to be rewarded but in her. I'll defer
my farther Proceedings in it, 'till you have consider'd
it; but remember how we are both indebted to him.

S C E N E VII.

Lady Touchwood alone.

L. T. Both indebted to him! Yes, we are both indebted to him, if you knew all, Villain! Oh, I am wild with this Surprize of Treachery: It is impossible, it cannot be.—He love *Cynthia*! What have I been Bawd to his Designs, his Property only, a baiting Place! Now I see what made him false to *Mellefont*,——Shame and Distraction! I cannot bear it, oh! what Woman can bear to be a Property? To be kindled to a Flame, only to light him to another's Arms; oh! that I were Fire indeed, that I might burn the vile Traitor. What shall I do? How shall I think? I cannot think,——
All my Designs are lost, my Love unsated, my Revenge unfinished, and fresh cause of Fury from unthought of Plagues.

S C E N E VIII.

[To her] *Sir Paul.*

Sir Paul. Madam, Sister, my Lady Sister, did you see my Lady my Wife?

L. T. Oh? Torture!

Sir Paul. Gads-bud, I can't find her high nor low; where can she be; think you?

L. T. Where she's serving you, as all your Sex ought to be serv'd; making you a Beast. Don't you know that you're a Fool, Brother?

Sir Paul. A Fool; he, he, he, you're merry—No, no, not I, I know no such Matter.

L. T. Why then you don't know half your Happiness,

Sir Paul. That's a Jest with all my Heart, faith and troth,—But hark'ye, my Lord told me something of a Revolution of things; I don't know what to make on't, —Gads-bud I must consult my Wife,—he talks of disinheriting his Nephew; and I don't know what,—Look you, Sister, I must know what my Girl has to trust to; or not a Syllable of a Wedding, Gads-bud—to shew you that I am not a Fool.

L. T. Hear me; consent to the breaking off this Marriage, and the promoting any other, without consulting me, and I'll renounce all Blood, all Relation and Concern with you for ever,—nay, I'll be your Enemy, and pursue you to Destruction, I'll tear your Eyes out, and tread you under my Feet.

Sir Paul. Why, what's the Matter now? Good Lord, what's all this for? Pooh, here's a Joke indeed—Why, where's my Wife?

L. T. With *Carelefs*, in the close Arbour; he may want you by this time, as much as you want her.

Sir Paul. O, if she be with Mr. *Carelefs*, 'tis well enough.

L. T. Fool, Sot, insensible Ox! But remember what I said to you, or you had better eat your own Horns, by this Light you had.

Sir Paul. You're a passionate Woman, Gads-bud,—But to say Truth, all our Family are Cholerick; I am the only peaceable Person amongst 'em.

S C E N E IX.

Mellefont, Maskwell and Cynthia.

Mel. I know no other Way but this he has propos'd; if you have Love enough to run the Venture.

Cyn. I don't know whether I have Love enough—but I find I have Obstinacy enough to pursue whatever I have once resolv'd; and a true Female Courage to oppose any thing that resists my Will, tho' 'twere Reason it self.

Mask. That's right, —Well, I'll secure the Writings, and run the Hazard along with you.

Cyn.

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Cynt. But how can the Coach and Six Horses be got ready without Suspicion?

Mask. Leave it to my Care; that shall be so far from being suspected, that it shall be got ready by my Lord's own Order.

Mel. How?

Mask. Why, I intend to tell my Lord the whole Matter of our Contrivance, that's my way.

Mel. I don't understand you.

Mask. Why, I'll tell my Lord, I laid this Plot with you, on purpose to betray you; and that which put me upon it, was, the finding it impossible to gain the Lady any other way, but in the Hopes of her marrying you.—

Mel. So ———

Mask. So, why so, while you're busied in making your self ready, I'll wheedle her into the Coach; and instead of you, borrow my Lord's Chaplain, and so run away with her my self.

Mel. O I conceive you, you'll tell him so?

Mask. Tell him so! ay, why you don't think I mean to do so?

Mel. No, no; ha, ha, I dare swear thou wilt not.

Mask. Therefore for our farther Security, I would have you disguis'd like a Parson, that if my Lord should have Curiosity to peep, he may not discover you in the Coach, but think the Cheat is carried on as he would have it.

Mel. Excellent *Maskwell*! thou wert certainly meant for a Statesman or a Jesuit, ——— but thou art too honest for one, and too pious for the other.

Mask. Well, get your selves ready, and meet me in half an Hour, yonder in my Lady's Dressing-Room; go by the back Stairs, and so we may slip down without being observ'd.—I'll send the Chaplain to you with his Robes; I have made him my own,—and ordered him to meet us to Morrow Morning at *St. Albans*; there we will sum up this Account, to all our Satisfaction.

Mel. Should I begin to thank or praise thee, I should waste the little time we have.

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SCENE X.

Cynthia, Maskwell.

Mask. Madam, you will be ready?

Cynt. I will be punctual to the Minute. [Going.]

Mask. Stay, I have a Doubt—Upon second Thoughts, we had better meet in the Chaplain's Chamber here, the corner Chamber at this end of the Gallery, there is a back way into it, so that you need not come through this Door—and a Pair of private Stairs leading down to the Stables——It will be more convenient.

Cynt. I am guided by you,—but *Mellefont* will mistake.

Mask. No, no, I'll after him immediately, and tell him.

Cynt. I will not fail.

SCENE XI.

Maskwell alone.

Mask. Why, *qui vult decipi decipiat*.—'Tis no Fault of mine, I have told 'em in plain Terms, how easy 'tis for me to cheat 'em; and if they will not hear the Serpent's Hiss, they must be stung into Experience, and future Caution.—Now to prepare my Lord to consent to this.—But first I must instruct my little *Levite*; there is no Plot, publick or private, that can expect to prosper without one of them has a Finger in't, he promised me to be within at this Hour,—Mr. *Saygrace*, Mr.

Saygrace. [Goes to the Chamber Door, and knocks.]

SCENE XII.

Maskwell, Saygrace.

[*Mr. Saygrace, looking out.*] Sweet Sir, I will but pen the last Line of an Acrostick, and be with you in the twinkling of an Ejaculation, in the pronouncing of an *Amen*, or before you can——

Mask.

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Mask. Nay, good Mr. *Saygrace*, do not prolong the Time, by describing to me the Shortness of your Stay; rather if you please, defer the finishing of your Wit, and let us talk about our Business, it shall be Tithes in your way.

Sayg. [Enters] You shall prevail, I would break off in the middle of a Sermon to do you a Pleasure.

Mask. You could not do me a greater, — except — the Business in hand — Have you provided a Habit for *Mellefont*?

Sayg. I have, they are ready in my Chamber, together with a clean starch'd Band and Cuffs.

Mask. Good, let them be carry'd to him, — have you starch'd the Gown Sleeve, that he may be puzzled, and waste time in putting it on?

Sayg. I have; the Gown will not be indued without Perplexity.

Mask. Meet me in half an Hour, here in your own Chamber. When *Cymbia* comes, let there be no Light, and do not speak, that she may not distinguish you from *Mellefont*. I'll urge haste, to excuse your Silence.

Sayg. You have no more Commands?

Mask. None, your Text is short.

Sayg. But pithy, and I will handle it with Discretion.

Mask. It will be the first you have so serv'd.

SCENE XIII.

Lord Touchwood, Maskwell.

Ld. T. Sure I was born to be controlled by those I should command: My very Slaves will shortly give me Rules how I shall govern them.

Mask. I am concern'd to see your Lordship discompos'd.

Ld. T. Have you seen my Wife lately, or disoblige'd her?

Mask. No my Lord. What can this mean!

[Aside.]

Ld. T.

Mask.

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Ld. T. Then *Mellefont* has urg'd some Body to incense her—Something she has heard of you which carries her beyond the Bounds of Patience.

Mask. This I fear'd. [*Aside.*] Did not your Lordship tell her of the Honours you design'd me?

Ld. T. Yes.

Mask. 'Tis that; you know my Lady has a high Spirit, she thinks I am unworthy.

Ld. T. Unworthy! 'Tis an ignorant Pirde in her to think so——Honesty to me is true Nobility. However, 'tis my Will it shall be so, and that shou'd be convincing to her as much as Reason——By Heav'n, I'll not be Wife-ridden; were it possible, it should be done this Night.

Mask. By Heav'n he meets my Wishes. [*Aside.*] Few Things are impossible to willing Minds.

Ld. T. Instruct me how this may be done, you shall see I want no Inclination.

Mask. I had laid a small Design for to Morrow (as Love will be inventing) which I thought to communicate to your Lordship——But it may be as well done to Night.

Ld. T. Here's Company——Come this way, and tell me,

S C E N E XIV.

Careless and Cynthia.

Care. Is not that he, now gone out with my Lord?

Cynt. Yes.

Care. By Heav'n there's Treachery——The Confusion that I saw your Father in, my Lady *Touchwood's* Passion, with what imperfectly I over-heard between my Lord and her, confirm me in my Fears. Where's *Mellefont*?

Cynt. Here he comes.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

[To them] Mellefont.

Cynt. Did *Maskwell* tell you any thing of the Chaplain's Chamber?

Mel. No; my Dear, will you get ready — the Things are all in my Chamber; I want nothing but the Habit.

Care. You are betray'd, and *Maskwell* is the Villain I always thought him.

Cynt. When you were gone, he said his Mind was chang'd, and bid me meet him in the Chaplain's Room, pretending immediately to follow you, and give you Notice.

Mel. How!

Care. There's *Saygrace* tripping by with a Bundle under his Arm — He cannot be ignorant that *Maskwell* means to use his Chamber; let's follow and examine him.

Mel. 'Tis loss of Time — I cannot think him false.

SCENE XVI.

Cynthia, *Lord Touchwood*.

Cynt. My Lord musing!

Ld. T. He has a quick Invention, if this were suddenly design'd — Yet he says he had prepar'd my Chaplain already.

Cynt. How's this! Now I fear indeed.

Ld. T. *Cynthia* here! Alone, fair Cousin, and melancholy?

Cynt. Your Lordship was thoughtful.

Ld. T. My Thoughts were on serious Business, not worth your hearing.

Cynt. Mine were on Treachery concerning you, and may be worth your hearing.

Ld. T. Treachery concerning me! pray be plain — Hark! What Noise!

Mask. [*Within.*] Will you not hear me?

L. T. [*Within.*] No, Monster! Traitor! No!

Cynt.

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Cynt. My Lady and *Maskwell*! this may be lucky —
My Lord, let me intreat you to stand behind this Skreen,
and listen; perhaps this Chance may give you Proof of
what you ne'er could have believ'd from my Suspicions.

S C E N E XVII.

*Lady Touchwood with a Dagger, Maskwell: Cynthia
and Lord Touchwood abscond, listening.*

L. T. You want but Leisure to invent fresh-Falshood,
and footh me to a fond Belief of all your Fictions; but I
will stab the Lye that's forming in your Heart, and save a
Sin, in pity to your Soul.

Mask. Strike then — Since you will have it so.

L. T. Ha! A steady Villain to the last!

Mask. Come, why do you dally with me thus?

L. T. Thy stubborn Temper shocks me, and you knew
it would — this is Cunning all, and not Courage; no I
know thee well: But thou shalt miss thy Aim.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha.

L. T. Ha! Do you mock my Rage? Then this shall
punish your fond, rash Contempt! Again Smile!

[Goes to strike.

And such a Smile as speaks in Ambiguity!

Ten thousand Meanings lurk in each Corner of that
various Face.

O! That they were written in thy Heart,

That I, with this, might lay thee open to my Sight!

But then 'twill be too late to know —

Thou hast, thou hast found the only way to turn my
Rage; Too well thou know'st my jealous Soul could
never bear Uncertainty. Speak then, and tell me — Yet
are you silent? Oh, I am wilder'd in all Passions! But thus
my Anger melts. *[Weeps.]* Here, take this Poniard, for
my very Spirits faint, and I want Strength to hold it;
thou hast disarm'd my Soul.

[Gives the Dagger.

Ld. T. Amazement shakes me — Where will this end!

Mask. So, 'tis well — let your wild Fury have a Vent;
and when you have Temper, tell me.

L. T.

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L. T. Now, now, now I am calm, and can hear you.
Mask. [*Aside.*] Thanks, my Invention; and now I have it for you. — First tell me what urg'd you to this Violence? For your Passion broke in such imperfect Terms, that yet I am to learn the Cause.

L. T. My Lord himself surpriz'd me with the News, you were to marry *Cynthia* — That you had own'd your Love to him, and his Indulgence would assist you to attain your Ends.

Cynt. How, my Lord!

Ld. T. Pray forbear all Resentments for a while, and let us hear the rest.

Mask. I grant you in Appearance all is true; I seem'd consenting to my Lord; nay, transported with the Blessing — But could you think that I, who had been happy in your lov'd Embraces, could e'er be fond of an inferior Slavery?

Ld. T. Ha! O Poison to my Ears! What do I hear?

Cynt. Nay, good my Lord, forbear Resentment, let us hear it out.

Ld. T. Yes, I will contain, tho' I cou'd burst.

Mask. I that had wanton'd in the rich Circle of your World of Love, cou'd be confin'd within the puny Province of a Girl? No — Yet tho' I dote on each last Favour more than all the rest; though I would give a Limb for every Look you cheaply throw away on any other Object of your Love; yet so far I prize your Pleasures o'er my own, that all this seeming Plot that I have laid, has been to gratify your Taste, and cheat the World, to prove a faithful Rogue to you.

L. T. If this were true — But how can it be?

Mask. I have so contriv'd, that *Mellefont* will presently, in the Chaplain's Habit, wait for *Cynthia* in your Dressing-Room: But I have put the Change upon her, that she may be elsewhere employ'd — Do you procure her Night-Gown, and with your Hoods tied over your Face, meet him in her stead; you may go privately by the back Stairs, and, unperceiv'd, there you may propose to re-estate him in his Uncle's Favour, if he'll comply with your Desires; his Case is desperate, and I believe he'll yield to any

L. T.

any Conditions, — If not, here take this; you may employ it better, than in the Heart of one who is nothing when not yours. [Gives the Dagger.

L. T. Thou can't deceive every Body, — Nay, thou hast deceiv'd me; but 'tis as I would wish, — Trusty Villain! I could worship thee. —

Mask. No more. — it wants but a few Minutes of the time; and *Mellefont's* Love will carry him there before his Hour.

L. T. I go, I fly, incomparable *Maskwell*!

S C E N E XVIII.

Maskwell, Cynthia, Lord Touchwood.

Mask. So, this was a Pinch indeed, my Invention was upon the Rack; and made Discovery of her last Plot: I hope *Cynthia* and my Chaplain will be ready, I'll prepare for the Expedition.

S C E N E XIX.

Cynthia and Lord Touchwood.

Cynt. Now, my Lord?

Ld. T. Astonishment binds up my Rage! Villany upon Villany! Heav'ns, what a long Track of dark Deceit has this discover'd! I am confounded when I look back, and want a Clue to guide me through the various Mazes of unheard of Treachery. My Wife! Damnation! (my Hell!

Cynt. My Lord, have Patience, and be sensible how great our Happiness is, that this Discovery was not made too late.

Ld. T. I thank you, yet it may be still too late, if we don't presently prevent the Execution of their Plots; — Ha, I'll do't. Where's *Mellefont*, my poor injur'd Nephew, — How shall I make him ample Satisfaction? —

Cynt. I dare answer for him.

Ld. T. I do him fresh Wrong to question his Forgiveness; for I know him to be all Goodness, — Yet my Wife! Damn her, — She'll think to meet him in the Dressing-Room; — Was't not so? And *Maskwell* will expect

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expect you in the Chaplain's Chamber, — For once, I'll add my Plot too, — let us haste to find out, and inform my Nephew; and do you, quickly as you can, bring all the Company into this Gallery. — I'll expose the Strumpet, and the Villain.

S C E N E XX.

Lord Froth and Sir Paul.

Ld. Froth. By Heav'n's I have slept an Age — *Sir Paul*, what a Clock is't? Past Eight, on my Conscience, my Lady's is the most inviting Couch; and a Slumber there, is the prettiest Amusement! But where's all the Company? —

Sir Paul. The Company, Gads-bud, I don't know, my Lord, but here's the strangest Revolution, all turn'd topsy turvy; as I hope for Providence.

Ld. Froth. O Heav'n's, what's the matter? Where's my Wife?

Sir Paul. All turn'd topsy turvy as sure as a Gun.

Ld. Froth. How do you mean? My Wife!

Sir Paul. The strangest Posture of Affairs!

Ld. Froth. What, my Wife?

Sir Paul. No, no, I mean the Family, — Your Lady's Affairs may be in a very good Posture; I saw her go into the Garden with Mr. *Brisk*.

Ld. Froth. How? where, when, what to do?

Sir Paul. I suppose they have been laying their Heads together.

Ld. Froth. How?

Sir Paul. Nay, only about Poetry, I suppose, my Lord; making Couplets.

Ld. Froth. Couplets.

Sir Paul. O, here they come.

S C E N E XXI.

[To them] Lady Froth, Brisk.

Brisk. My Lord, your humble Servant; *Sir Paul* yours, — the finest Night!

L. Froth,

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L. Froth. My Dear, Mr. *Brisk* and I have been Star-gazing, I don't know how long.

Sir Paul. Does it not tire your Ladyship? are not you weary with looking up?

L. Froth. Oh, no, I love it violently, — My Dear, you're melancholy.

Ld. Froth. No, my Dear; I'm but just awake. —

L. Froth. Snuff some of my Spirit of Hartshorn.

Ld. Froth. I've some of my own, thank you, my Dear.

L. Froth. Well, I swear, Mr. *Brisk*, you understood Astronomy like an old Egyptian.

Brisk. Not comparably to your Ladyship; you are the very *Cynthia* of the Skies, and Queen of Stars.

L. Froth. That's because I have no Light, but what's by Reflexion from you, who are the Sun.

Brisk. Madam, you have Eclips'd me quite, let me perish, — I can't answer that.

L. Froth. No matter, — Hark'ee, shall you and I make an Almanack together.

Brisk. With all my Soul, — Your Ladyship has made me the Man in't already, I'm so full of the Wounds which you have given.

L. Froth. O finely taken! swear now you are even with me, O *Parnassus*, you have an infinite deal of Wit.

Sir Paul. So he has, Gads-bud, and so has your Ladyship.

S C E N E XXII.

[To them] *Lady Plyant*, *Careless*, *Cynthia*.

L. P. You tell me most surprizing things; bless me, who would ever trust a Man? O my Heart akes for fear they should be all deceitful alike.

Care. You need not fear, Madam, you have Charms to fix Inconstancy it self.

L. P. O dear, you make me blush.

Ld. Froth. Come, my Dear, shall we take leave of my Lord and Lady?

Cynt. They'll wait upon your Lordship presently.

L. Froth.

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L. Froth. Mr. Brisk, my Coach shall set you down.

All. What's the matter?

[A great Shriek from the Corner of the Stage.]

SCENE XXIII.

[To them] *Lady Touchwood runs out affrighted, my Lord after her, like a Parson.*

L. T. O I'm betray'd. — Save me, help me.

Ld. T. Now what Evasion, Strumpet?

L. T. Stand off, let me go.

Ld. T. Go, and thy own Infamy pursue thee. — You stare as you were all amazed, — I don't wonder at it, — but too soon you'll know mine, and that Woman's Shame.

SCENE, *The Last.*

Lord Touchwood, Lord Froth, Lady Froth, Lady Plyant Sir Paul, Cynthia, Mellefont, Maskwell; Mellefont disguised in a Parson's Habit and pulling in Maskwell.

Mel. Nay, by Heav'n you shall be seen. — *Careless,* your Hand; — Do you hold down your Head? Yes I am your Chaplain, look in the Face of your injur'd Friend; thou Wonder of all Falseness.

Ld. T. Are you silent, Monster?

Mel. Good Heav'ns! How I believ'd and lov'd this Man! — Take him hence, for he's a Disease to my Sight.

Ld. T. Secure that manifold Villain.

[Servants seize him.]

Care. Miracle of Ingratitude?

Brisk. This is all very surprizing, let me perish.

L. Froth. You know I told you *Saturn* look'd a little more angry than usual.

Ld. T. We'll think of Punishment at Leisure, but let me hasten to do Justice, in rewarding Virtue and wrong'd Innocence. — Nephew, I hope I have your Pardon, and *Cynthia's.*

Mel. We are your Lordship's Creatures.

I

Ld. T.

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Ld. T. And be each others Comfort; — Let me join your Hands. — Unwearied Nights, and wishing Days attend you both; mutual Love, lasting Health, and circling Joys, tread round each happy Year of your long Lives.

*Let secret Villany from hence be warn'd;
Howe'er in private Mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth;
Like Vipers in the Womb, base Treachery lies,
Still gnawing that, whence first it did arise;
No sooner born, but the Vile Parent dies.*

[Exeunt Omnes



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EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Mountford.

C O U' D Poets but foresee how Plays would take,
Then they cou'd tell what Epilogues to make;
Whether to thank or blame their Audience most:
But that late Knowledge does much Hazard cost,
Till Dice are thrown, there's nothing won, nor lost.
Till the Thief has stol'n, he cannot know
Whether he shall escape the Law, or no.
But Poets run much greater Hazards far,
Than they who stand their Trials at the Bar;
The Law provides a Curb for its own Fury,
And suffers Judges to direct the Fury.
But in this Court, what Diff'rence does appear!
For every one's both Judge and Jury here;
Jury, and what's worse, an Executioner.
All have a Right and Title to some Part,
Each choosing that in which he has most Art.
The dreadful Men of Learning all Confound,
Unless the Fable's good, and Moral sound.
The Vixen-Masks, that are in Pit and Gallery,
Approve, or Damn the Repartee and Rallery.
The Lady Criticks, who are better read,
Require if Characters are nicely bred;
If the soft things are penn'd and spoke with Grace:
If they fudge of Action too, and Time, and Place;

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EPILOGUE.

*In which we do not doubt but they're discerning,
For that's a kind of Assignment Learning;
Beaus judge of Dress; the Wittings judge of Songs;
The Cuckoldom, of Ancient Right, to Cits belongs.
Thus poor Poets, the Favour are deny'd,
Even to make Exceptions, when they're Try'd.
'Tis hard that they must ev'ry one admit:
Methinks I see some Faces in the Pit,
Which must of Consequence be Fees to Wit.
You who can fudge, to Sentence may proceed;
But tho' he cannot Write, let him be freed
At least from their Contempt, who cannot Read.*

F I N I S.



